

GIANT-SIZE MASTER
OF KUNG FU

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MARVEL COMICS GROUP™



68 BIG PAGES

GIANT-SIZE MASTER OF KUNG FU™



THE SON OF
FU MANCHU--
IN THE SHATTERING
SHOCKER
YOU NEVER
EXPECTED
TO SEE!

ALL-NEW! FIRES
OF REBIRTH!

"Call me Shang-Chi, as my *father* did, when he raised me and molded my mind and my body in the vacuum of his Honan, China retreat. I learned many things from my father: That my name means "The Rising and Advancing of a Spirit," that my body could be forged into a living weapon through the discipline of kung fu, and that it might be used for the murder of a man called Dr. Petrie.

"Since then, I have learned that my father is **Dr. Fu Manchu** the most insidiously evil man on earth... and that to *honor* him would bring nothing but *dishonor* to the spirit of my *name*."

Stan Lee PRESENTS: MASTER OF KUNG FU!™

DOUG MOENCH
Thought

PAUL GULACY
Vision

VINNIE COLLETTA
Strength

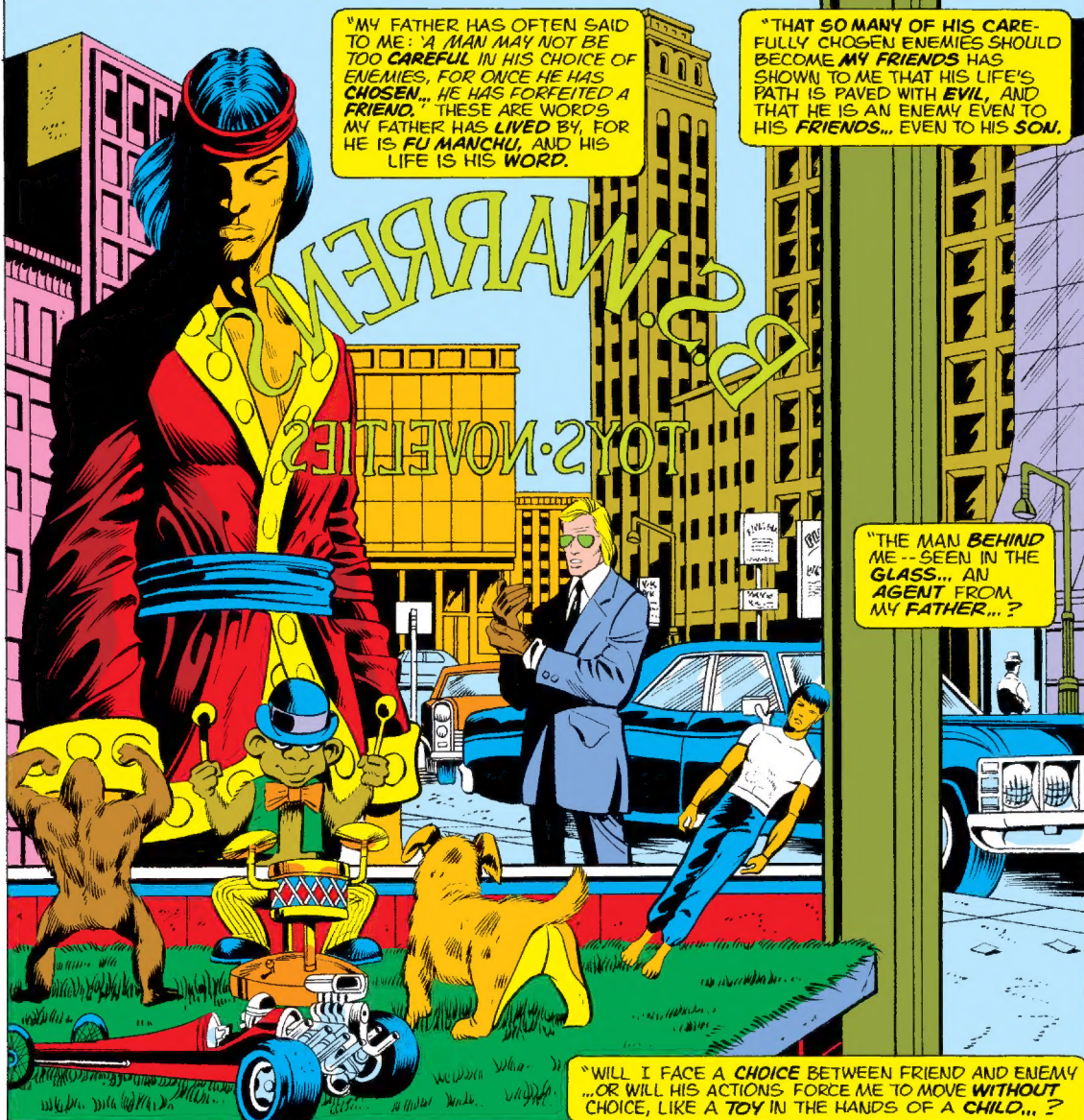
TOM ORZECOWSKI, Symbols
BILL MANTLO, Hues

LEN WEIN
Control

FIRES OF REBIRTH

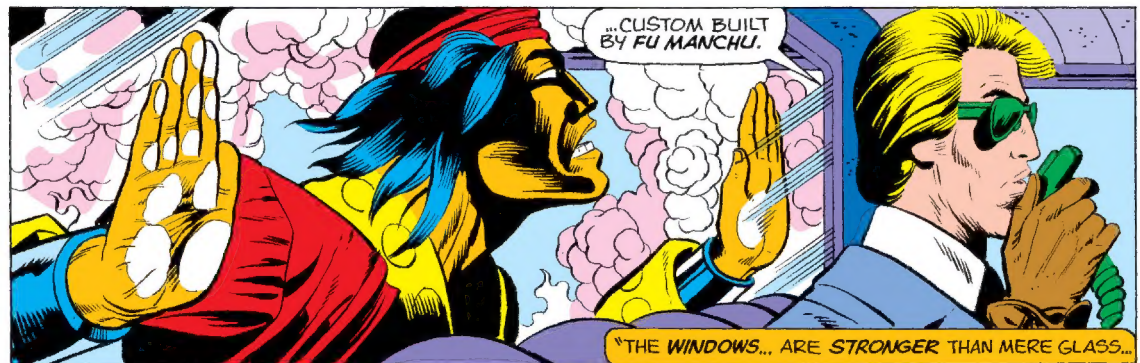
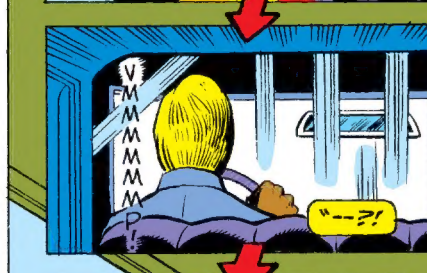
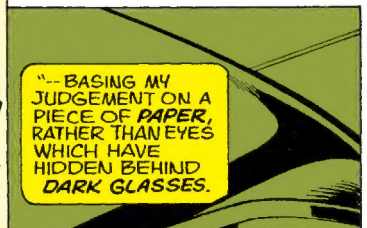
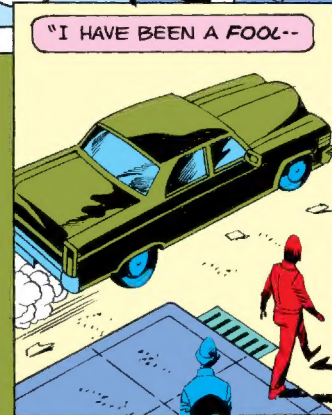
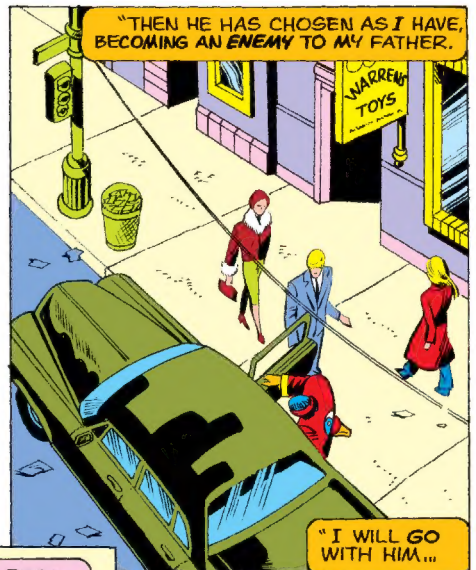
"MY FATHER HAS OFTEN SAID TO ME: 'A MAN MAY NOT BE TOO CAREFUL IN HIS CHOICE OF ENEMIES, FOR ONCE HE HAS CHOSEN...' HE HAS FORFEITED A FRIEND...' THESE ARE WORDS MY FATHER HAS LIVED BY, FOR HE IS **FU MANCHU**, AND HIS LIFE IS HIS WORD.

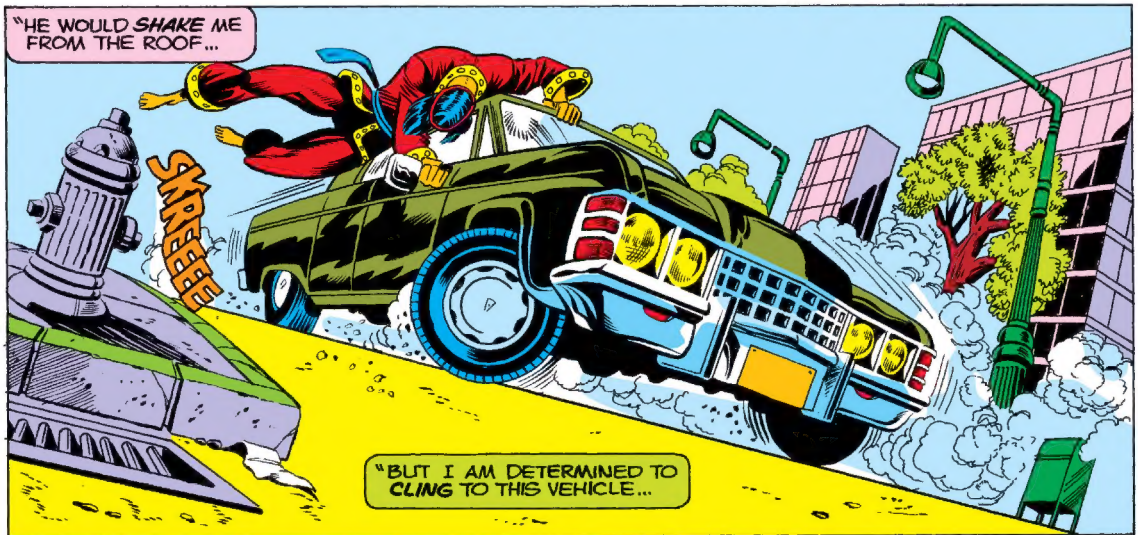
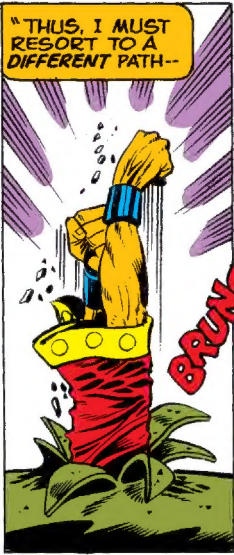
"THAT SO MANY OF HIS CAREFULLY CHOSEN ENEMIES SHOULD BECOME **MY FRIENDS** HAS SHOWN TO ME THAT HIS LIFE'S PATH IS PAVED WITH **EVIL**, AND THAT HE IS AN ENEMY EVEN TO HIS **FRIENDS**... EVEN TO HIS **SON**."

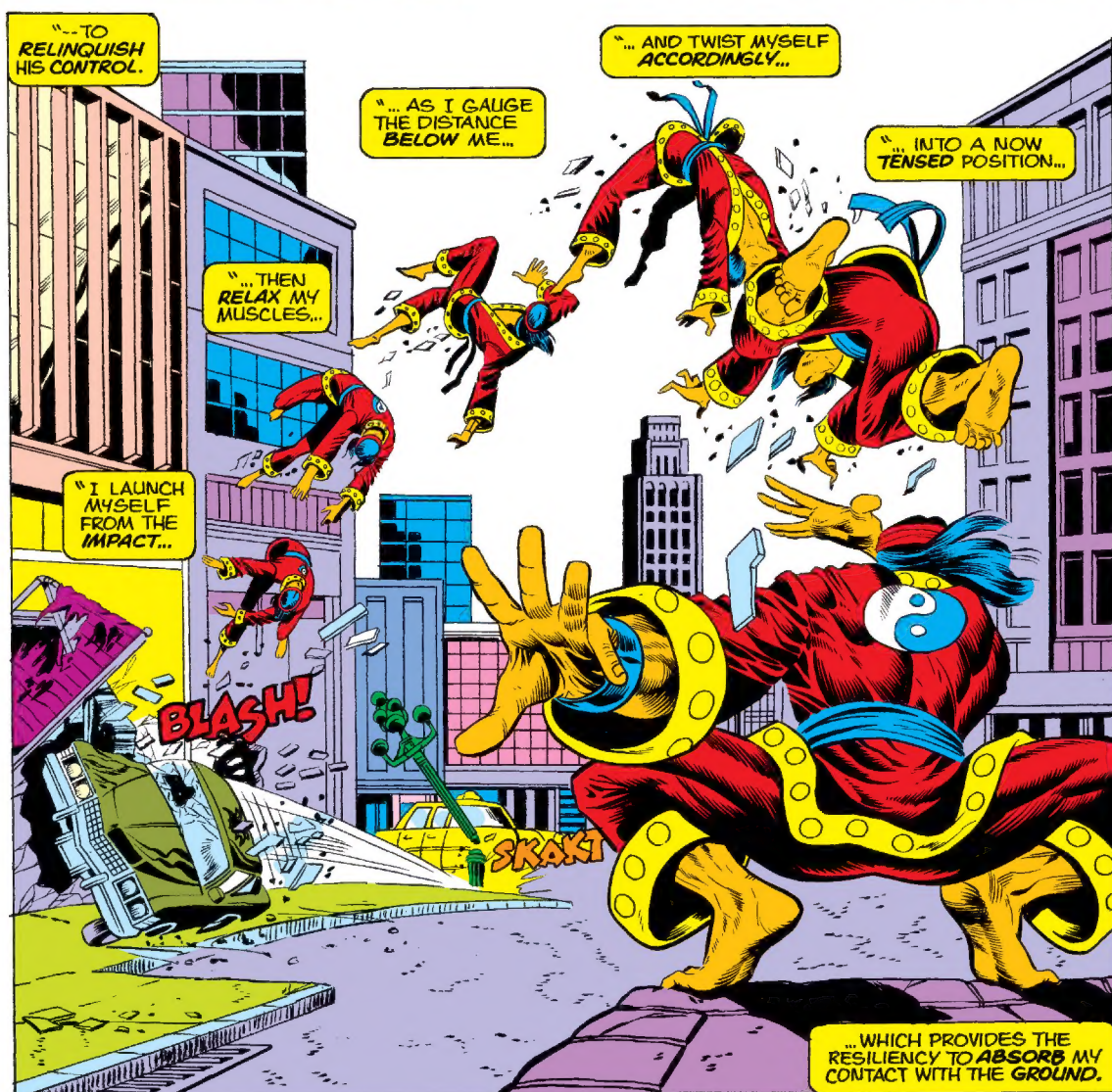
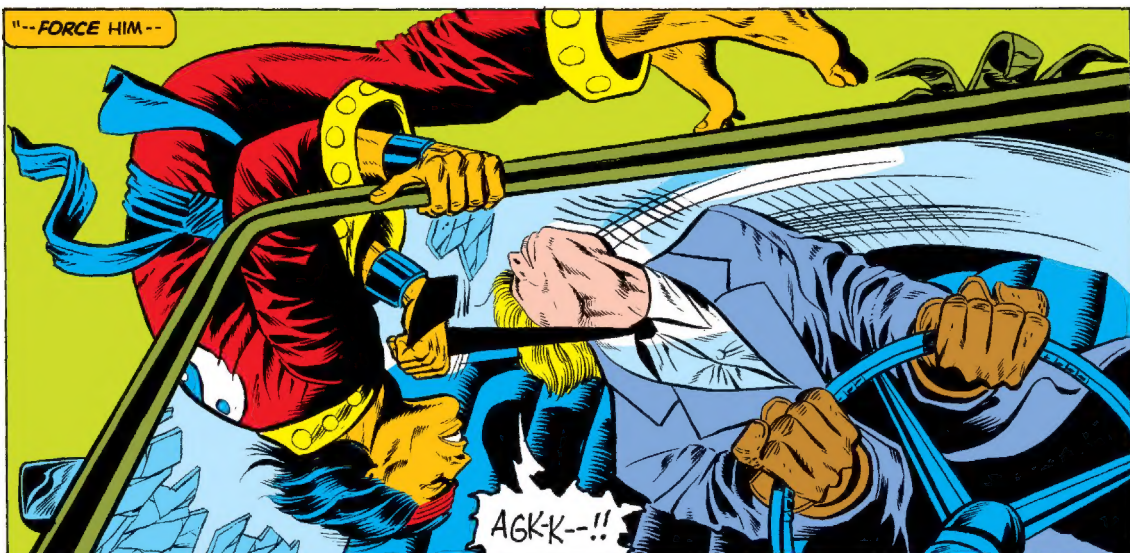


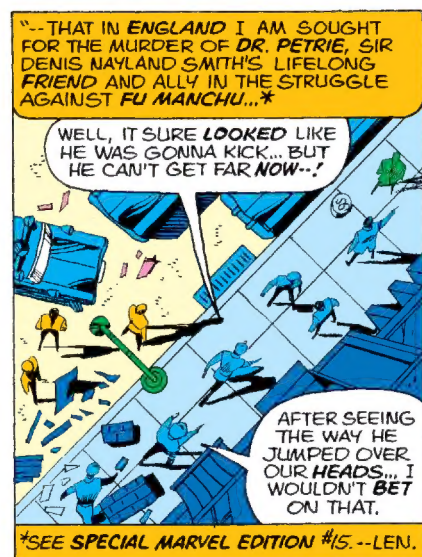
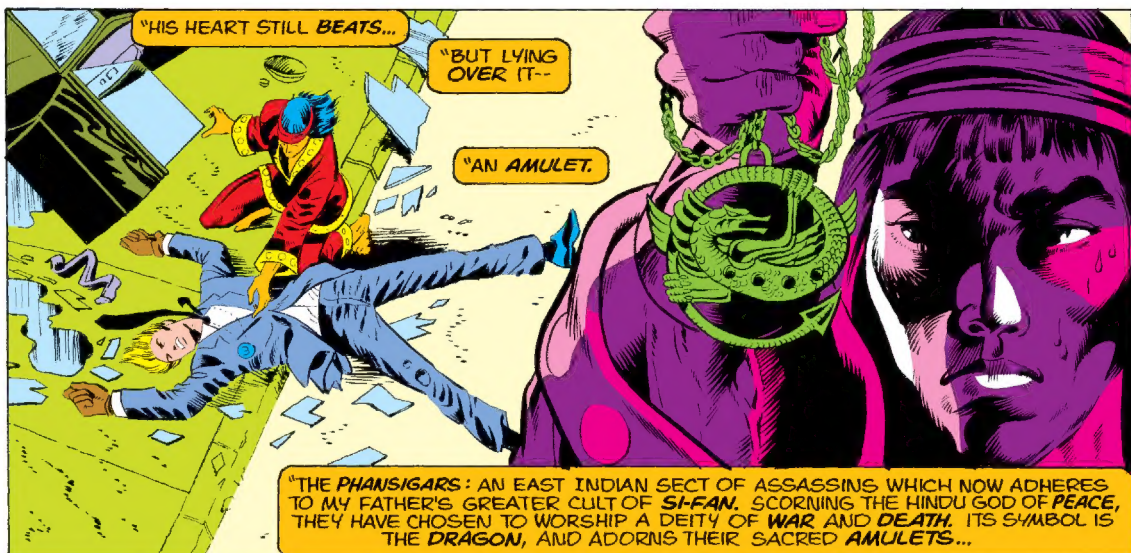
"THE MAN BEHIND ME -- SEEN IN THE GLASS... AN AGENT FROM MY FATHER...?"

"WILL I FACE A CHOICE BETWEEN FRIEND AND ENEMY... OR WILL HIS ACTIONS FORCE ME TO MOVE WITHOUT CHOICE, LIKE A TOY IN THE HANDS OF A CHILD...?"









"CENTRAL PARK WEST: THE TOWNHOUSE WHICH SMITH HAS RECENTLY SECURED FOR HIS NEW YORK RESIDENCE AND BASE OF OPERATIONS."

"ALTHOUGH I HAVE BEEN HERE ONLY ONCE BEFORE, IT IS A PLACE WHICH WOULD BE DIFFICULT TO FORGET."



VERY GOOD TO SEE YOU, MASTER SHANG-CHI.

PLEASE ENTER.

SMITH...?

I'M AFRAID THAT SIR DENIS WAS CALLED AWAY ON MOST VITAL BUSINESS...

... BUT HE DID INSTRUCT ME TO ACCORD YOU EVERY HOSPITALITY IN HIS ABSENCE.

INDEED, HE HAS REQUESTED THAT YOU **STAY** HERE, AVAILABLE FOR HIS CONTACT OR RETURN.

PLEASE... BE SEATED. I AM CERTAIN YOU WILL FIND THE COUCHES EXTREMELY AMENABLE TO RELAXATION.

THANK YOU.

Er... VERY GOOD, MASTER SHANG-CHI.

I SHALL INFORM SIR DENIS OF YOUR PRESENCE THE MOMENT HE ARRIVES.

"SMITH'S SERVANT DEPARTS, AND I RETURN MY ATTENTION TO THE AMULET..."

"...ALLOWING MY MIND TO RISE ABOVE ALL OTHER THOUGHTS, TO FILL WITH NOTHING ELSE. THUS, I DWELL UPON THIS TOKEN OF DEATH HELD BEFORE MY EYES - STUDY IT, UNTIL I COME TO DWELL WITHIN IT..."

"...UNTIL MY EYES BECOME THE DRAGON'S EYES, AND GAZE UPON THE MANY DEATHS IT HAS COMMANDED AND WITNESSED WITH NEITHER COMPASSION NOR REMORSE."



"AS BODHIDHARMA BEFORE THEM, THE PHANSIGARS ORIGINATED IN INDIA... AND AS BODHIDHARMA'S TEACHINGS SPREAD ACROSS ASIA INTO OLD CHINA, SO TOO DID THE DISCIPLINE OF THE PHANSIGARS REACH CHINA. BUT WHERE BODHIDHARMA TAUGHT ONLY THE GRACEFUL ART OF SELF-DEFENSE, THE PHANSIGARS STUDIED THE BRUTAL ART OF ASSASSINATION. LIGHT OPPOSING DARKNESS, ONE SIDE EXISTING FOR THE OTHER: THE ETERNAL YIN AND YANG. IT IS NOT SURPRISING, THEN, THAT MY FATHER SHOULD LEARN OF THIS NEW FORCE OF DARKNESS AND --"

MASTER SHANG-CHI--
I SHOULD LIKE TO PRESENT
MASTER CLIVE RESTON,
ONE OF SIR DENIS' MOST TRUSTED
FRIENDS AND ASSOCIATES.
MASTER RESTON HAS
JUST ARRIVED FROM
LONDON.

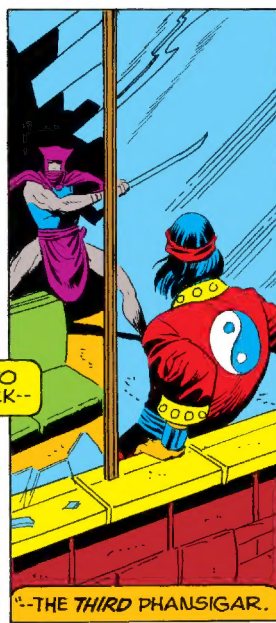
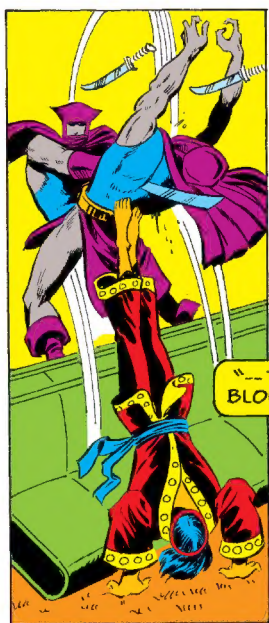
Glad to make your
acquaintance, Shang-Chi.
Smith has spoken of you
more than once in the
past and seems to --

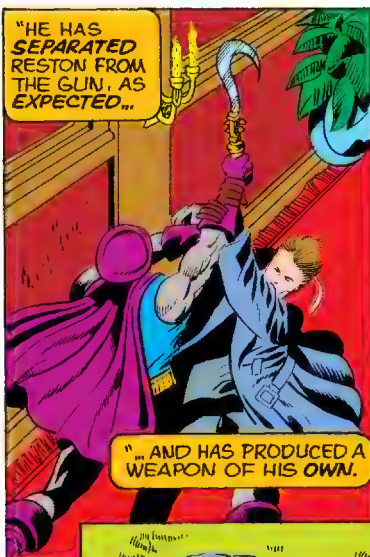
THE DRAGON--! THEN IT IS TRUE!

QUICKLY--
LET ME TAKE
A LOOK AT
THAT--









"HE HAS SEPARATED RESTON FROM THE GUN, AS EXPECTED..."

"...AND HAS PRODUCED A WEAPON OF HIS OWN."



SKRIP

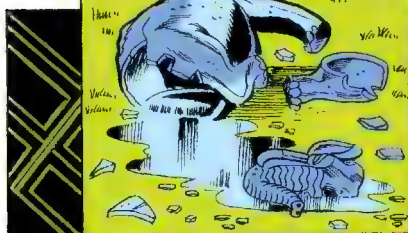
"IT IS DANGEROUS TO APPROACH TWO MEN ENGAGED IN COMBAT, BUT I MUST INTERCEDE BEFORE RESTON--"



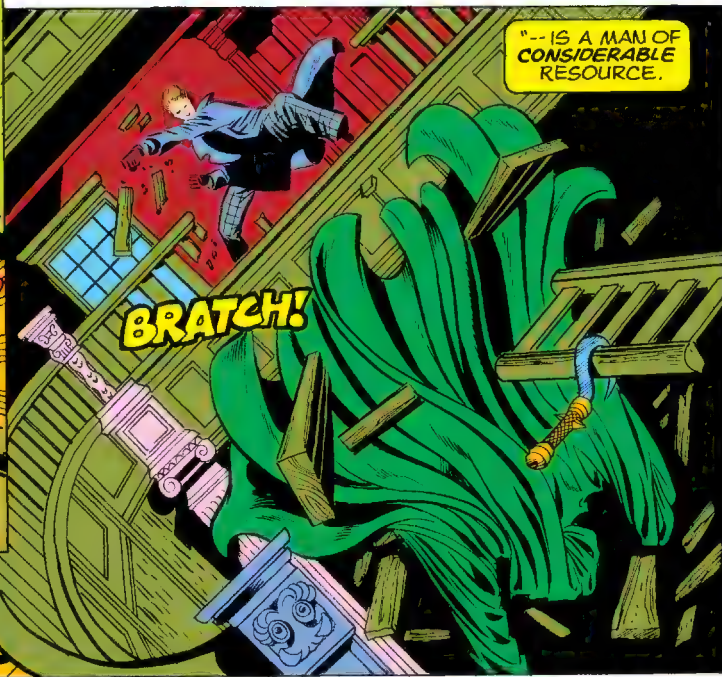
"NO."

WHUFF

"IT WOULD SEEM THAT THE AGENT--"

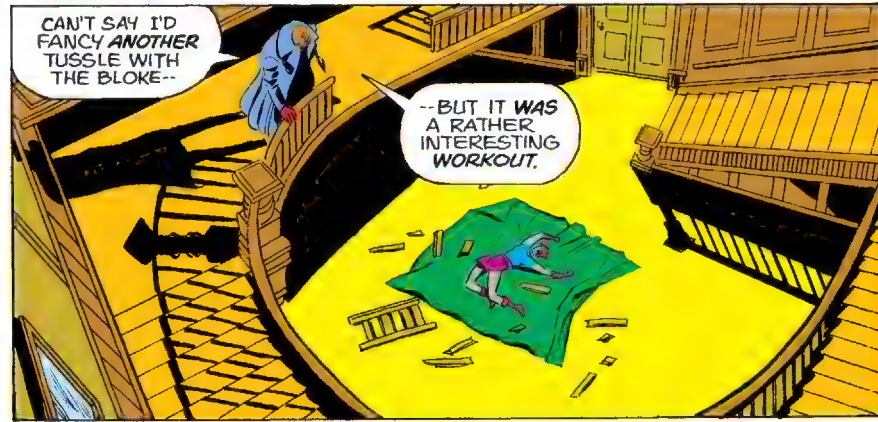


K-TAK!



"-- IS A MAN OF CONSIDERABLE RESOURCE."

BRATCH!



CAN'T SAY I'D FANCY ANOTHER TUSSELE WITH THE BLOKE--

--BUT IT WAS A RATHER INTERESTING WORKOUT.

"HE HAS CONDUCTED HIMSELF WITH MORE SKILL THAN I WOULD HAVE ANTICIPATED FROM THE FLOW OF HIS MOVEMENTS. I WOULD EMBRACE HIM NOW, AS AN ALLY... BUT HE HAS EXHIBITED A TRAIT I HAVE COME TO ASSOCIATE WITH THE WESTERN WORLD, AND ONE I FIND DISTASTEFUL. HE HAS CONCLUDED A NECESSARY DISPLAY OF VIOLENCE... WITH UNNECESSARY HUMOR. DO MEN OF THE WEST ACTUALLY LAUGH AT PAIN --? OR IS THEIR HUMOR MERELY A RELEASE OF TENSION NOT MASTERED...?"



ALL THINGS CONSIDERED, I'D SAY WE MADE A PRETTY FAIR ACCOUNT OF OURSELVES... WOULDN'T YOU?



AND THIS LITTLE INCIDENT HAS CONVINCED ME THAT SMITH WAS **RIGHT**. I ACTUALLY ARGUED WITH HIM ABOUT COMING HERE TO **FETCH** YOU.

BUT I'M **CERTAIN** NOW-- I'VE GOT TO TAKE YOU BACK TO HIM... AT **ONCE**.

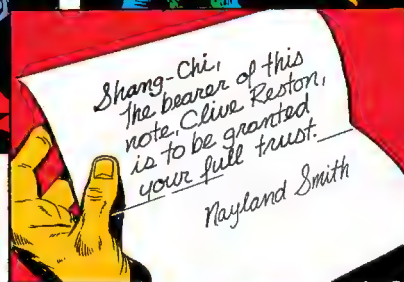


THIS **AMULET**... WAS TAKEN FROM A MAN WHO SPOKE THE SAME WORDS YOU HAVE JUST **MIMICKED**.

HE TRIED TO **MURDER** ME.

SHANG-CHI, YOU IMPRESS ME AS A MAN WHO'S EVERY BIT AS **CIRCUMSPECT** AND **SUSPICIOUS** AS MY FATHER WAS.

HE RATED A LICENSE TO **KILL**, AND HE **NEEDED** IT-- BECAUSE HE HAD EVERY REASON TO BE **CIRCUMSPECT** AND **SUSPICIOUS**... JUST AS YOU HAVE. NO ONE EVER CALLED MY FATHER **PARANOID**, AND NO ONE WILL EVER CALL YOU **PARANOID**, SHANG-CHI...



*Shang-Chi,
The bearer of this
note, Clive Reston,
is to be granted
your full trust.*

Nayland Smith

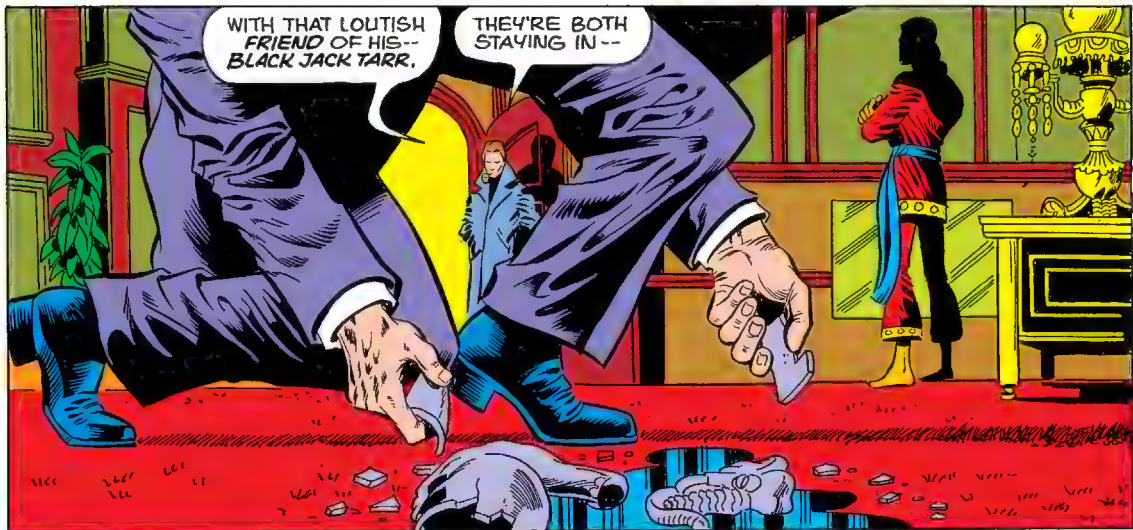
HE WAS A **GOOD MAN**, MY FATHER-- THE BEST **SPECIAL OPERATIVE** HER MAJESTY EVER **ENLISTED**...



...I GUESS THAT'S WHY SMITH ASKED ME TO BRING PROOF OF MY **IDENTITY** AND **INTENTIONS**...



HANDWRITING, TOO, MAY BE **MIMICKED**. BUT I WILL **TRUST** YOU, UNTIL I AM FORCED TO MAKE A **DIFFERENT CHOICE**. WHERE IS SMITH?



WITH THAT LOUISH FRIEND OF HIS-- **BLACK JACK TARR**.

THEY'RE BOTH STAYING IN--

LONDON

CHAPTER II

--A GOOD MAN, MY GREAT-UNCLE. HE WAS CONSIDERABLY MORE **INTELLECTUAL** THAN MY FATHER, BUT OF COURSE HE **WOULD BE...** ORIGINATING ON MY **MOTHER'S** SIDE OF THE FAMILY TREE.



BUT AS I WAS **SAYING**, HE WAS **EXCEPTIONALLY** FOND OF THE VIOLIN. HE PLAYED IT TO **ALL** HOURS OF THE NIGHT, CLAIMING IT HELPED HIM TO **THINK**, AND JUDGING FROM THE **RESULTS** HE MANAGED TO ACHIEVE, I'M INCLINED TO ---

EXCUSE ME, MR. RESTON. I DO NOT WISH TO INTERRUPT YOUR **REMINISCENCE**, BUT A MEMORY OF MY OWN HAS VISITED ME... A MEMORY OF WHICH I BELIEVE YOU SHOULD BE **INFORMED** BEFORE WE REACH LONDON.



THE ENGLISH AUTHORITIES STILL WISH TO **APPREHEND** ME... FOR **MURDER**.

OH, YES... THAT NASTY LITTLE BIT OF BUSINESS...



MY **GREAT-UNCLE** WOULD CONSIDER IT AN **ELEMENTARY** MATTER FOR A MAN OF KEEN WIT AND **RESOURCE**...

...SO WITH THIS **TRENCHCOAT** ON YOUR **BACK** AND THIS **FALSIFIED PASSPORT** IN YOUR HAND, I DON'T SEE HOW YOU COULD **FAIL** TO PENETRATE CUSTOMS.

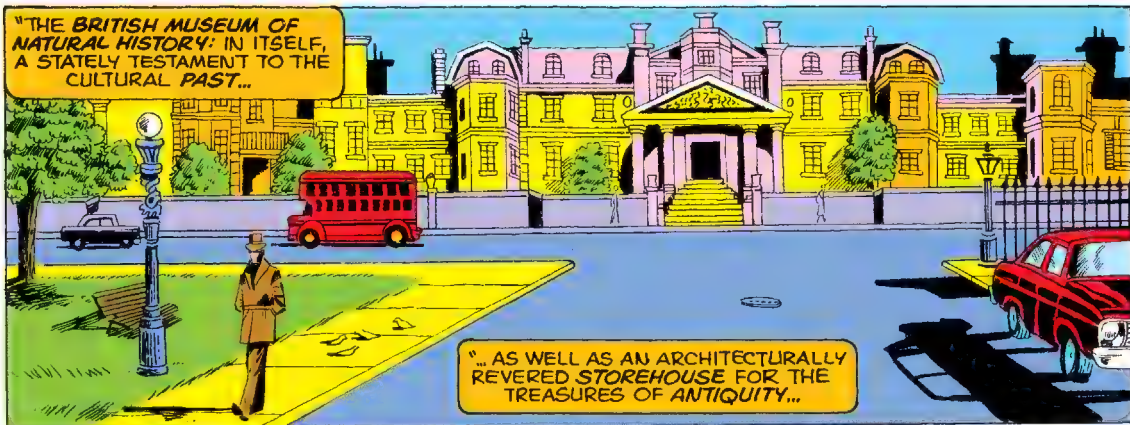


IT'S DONE ALL THE TIME -- BY US...

...AND THEM.



"THE BRITISH MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY: IN ITSELF, A STATELY TESTAMENT TO THE CULTURAL PAST..."



"... AS WELL AS AN ARCHITECTURALLY REVERED STOREHOUSE FOR THE TREASURES OF ANTIQUITY..."

"... MANY OF WHICH HAVE BEEN DESTROYED LESS THAN FIVE HOURS AGO."

YES--IT'S CONSISTENT THAT THEY SHOULD STRIKE HERE. THEY'D BE RIGHT AT HOME IN THIS ORIENTALOGY HALL.

AND THIS ISN'T THE FIRST SUCH INCIDENT, CLIVE. EACH PREVIOUS OCCURRENCE HAS LEFT THE SAME LEGACY-- MUCH DESTROYED BUT NOTHING TAKEN.

ALL WE MAY DEDUCE IS THAT THE PHANSIGARS WANT SOMETHING, AND HAVE YET TO FIND IT.

SIR DENIS... HOW DO YOU KNOW IT WAS THE PHANSIGARS?

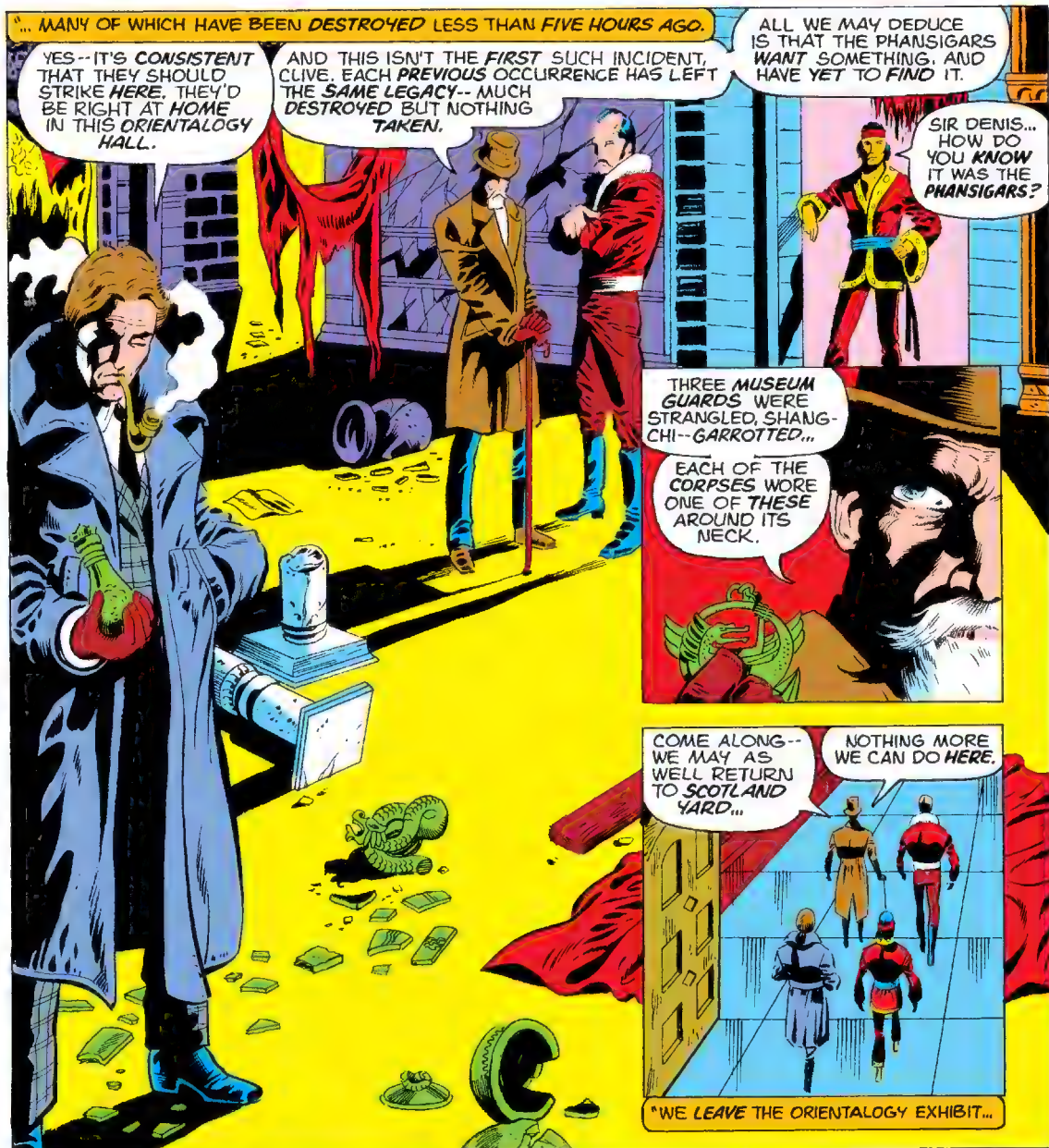
THREE MUSEUM GUARDS WERE STRANGLED, SHANG-CHI--GARROTED...

EACH OF THE CORPSES WORE ONE OF THESE AROUND ITS NECK.

COME ALONG-- WE MAY AS WELL RETURN TO SCOTLAND YARD...

NOTHING MORE WE CAN DO HERE.

"WE LEAVE THE ORIENTALOGY EXHIBIT..."

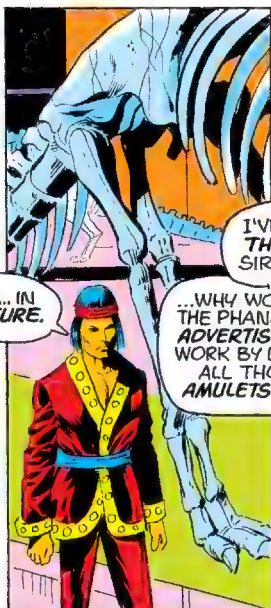




"... AND PASS THROUGH OTHER SECTIONS OF THIS VAST MUSEUM..."

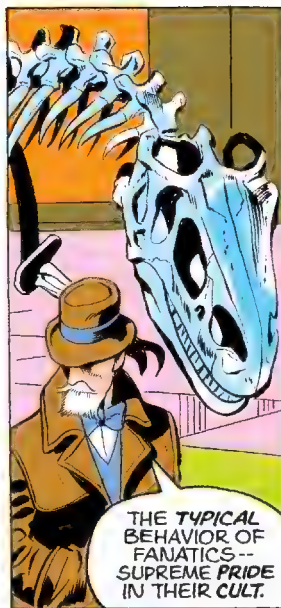
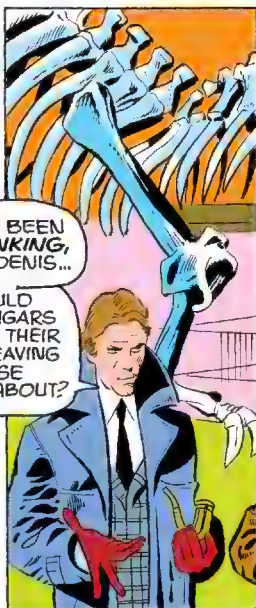
THESE DINOSAURS CERTAINLY WERE BIG GEEZERS, EH, CHI?

YES... IN STATURE.

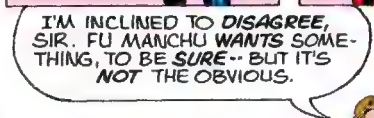


I'VE BEEN THINKING, SIR DENIS...

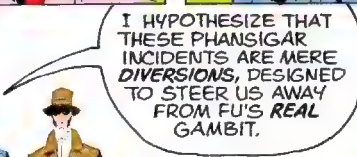
...WHY WOULD THE PHANSIGARS ADVERTISE THEIR WORK BY LEAVING ALL THOSE AMULETS ABOUT?



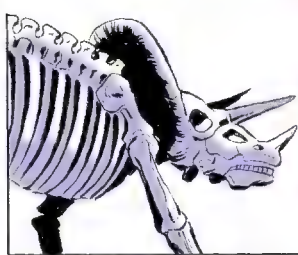
THE TYPICAL BEHAVIOR OF FANATICS-- SUPREME PRIDE IN THEIR CULT.



I'M INCLINED TO DISAGREE, SIR. FU MANCHU WANTS SOMETHING, TO BE SURE-- BUT IT'S NOT THE OBVIOUS.



I HYPOTHEZIZE THAT THESE PHANSIGAR INCIDENTS ARE MERE DIVERSIONS, DESIGNED TO STEER US AWAY FROM FU'S REAL GAMBIT.



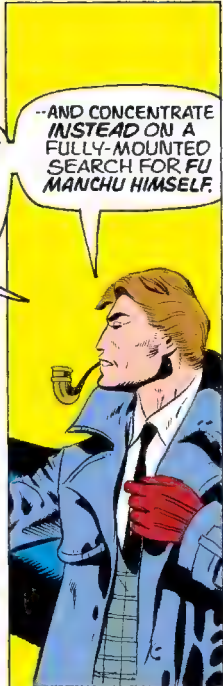
DO YOU ACTUALLY THINK I HAVEN'T ALREADY CONSIDERED THAT, RESTON? I'M FULLY AWARE OF FU MANCHU'S PROCLIVITY FOR THE DEVIOUS-- AND I SAY HE DOESN'T CARE A WHIT WHETHER WE KNOW WHAT HE'S AFTER OR NOT--!



HE'S CONVINCED HE'LL GET IT EITHER WAY-- AND HE MAY BE RIGHT IN HIS ARROGANCE. ALL WE CAN DO IS OUR BEST-- NAMELY, PURSUE EVERY PHANSIGAR CLUE TO ITS CONCLUSION.



AND I SAY IT'S THE BIGGEST MISTAKE WE COULD MAKE! WE MUST IGNORE THE PHANSIGAR HARASSMENT AS DELIBERATE DIVERSION--



--AND CONCENTRATE INSTEAD ON A FULLY-MOUNTED SEARCH FOR FU MANCHU HIMSELF.



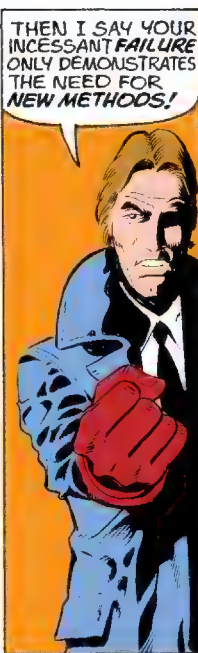
IMPOSSIBLE--!

HAVE YOU EVER TRIED IT?

"BLACK JACK TARR HAS INTIMIDATED THE YOUNG AGENT, PROVIDING THE SILENCE FOR A QUESTION..."



YOU MAY STAKE YOUR ENTIRE **INEXPERIENCED CAREER** ON THE FACT THAT I'VE TRIED IT--FOR MORE THAN **FORTY YEARS OF HORROR AND ARTROCITY!**



THEN I SAY YOUR **INCESSANT FAILURE** ONLY DEMONSTRATES THE NEED FOR **NEW METHODS!**



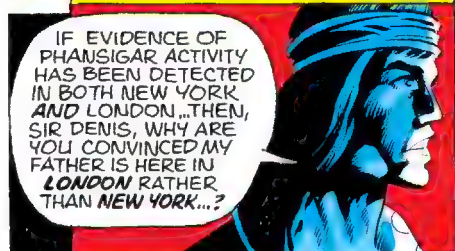
AND I SAY YOU'RE WORKING **UNDER** SIR DENIS--NOT OVER HIM.

SO YOU'LL JUST KEEP YOUR **MODERN CRIMINAL PSYCHOLOGY** TO YOURSELF--AND FOLLOW ORDERS.



VERY...

...WELL.



IF EVIDENCE OF PHANSIGAR ACTIVITY HAS BEEN DETECTED IN BOTH NEW YORK AND LONDON...THEN, SIR DENIS, WHY ARE YOU CONVINCED MY FATHER IS HERE IN LONDON RATHER THAN NEW YORK...?

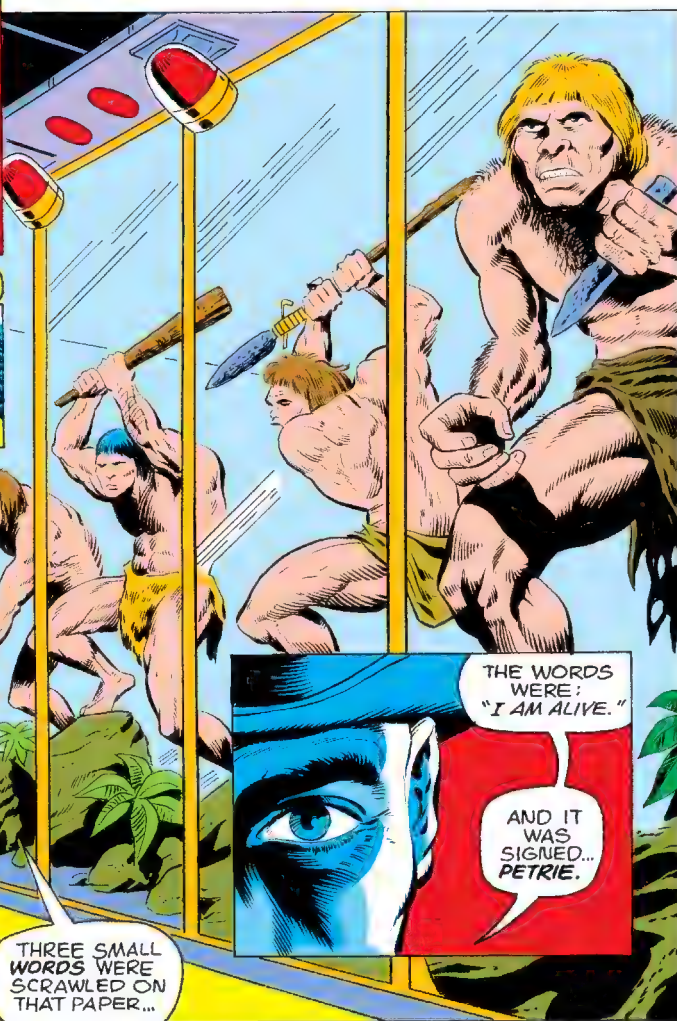
"A DIFFERENT MANNER OF SILENCE..."



"AND--"



BECAUSE A SCRAP OF PAPER WAS FOUND BY A LONDON POLICEMAN, SHANG-CHI...



THREE SMALL WORDS WERE SCRAWLED ON THAT PAPER...



THE WORDS WERE: "I AM ALIVE."

AND IT WAS SIGNED... PETRIE.

"MY MIND FILLS WITH A VISION WHICH DISPROVES SMITH'S WORDS, FOR MORE THAN A YEAR HAS PASSED SINCE MY FATHER DECEIVED ME INTO THE ACT OF--



"--SLAYING DR. PETRIE.

YES, I KNOW, LAD.
IT'S IMPOSSIBLE,
AND YET--



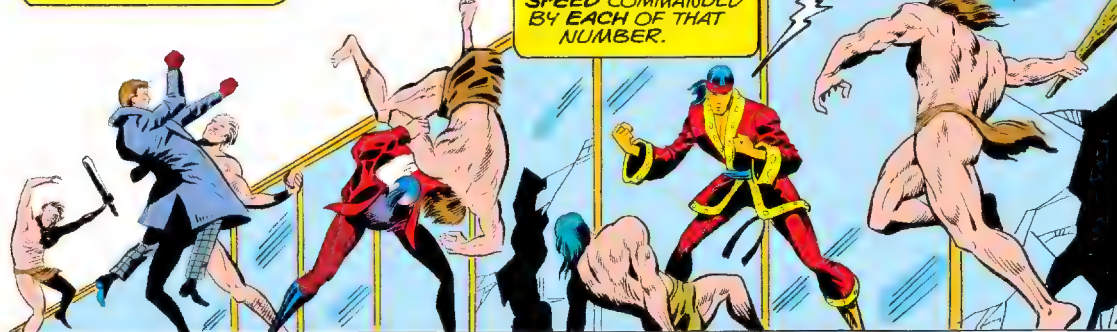
"--?!!

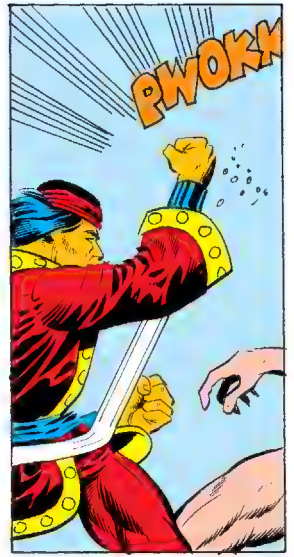


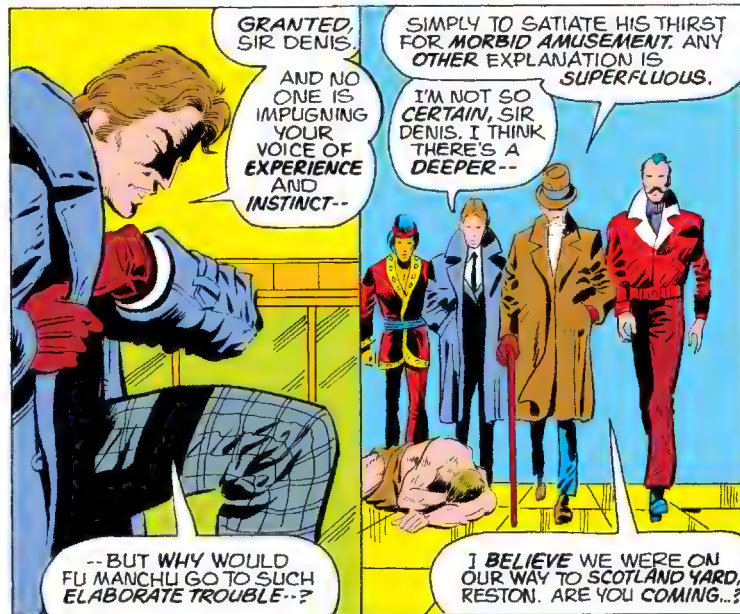
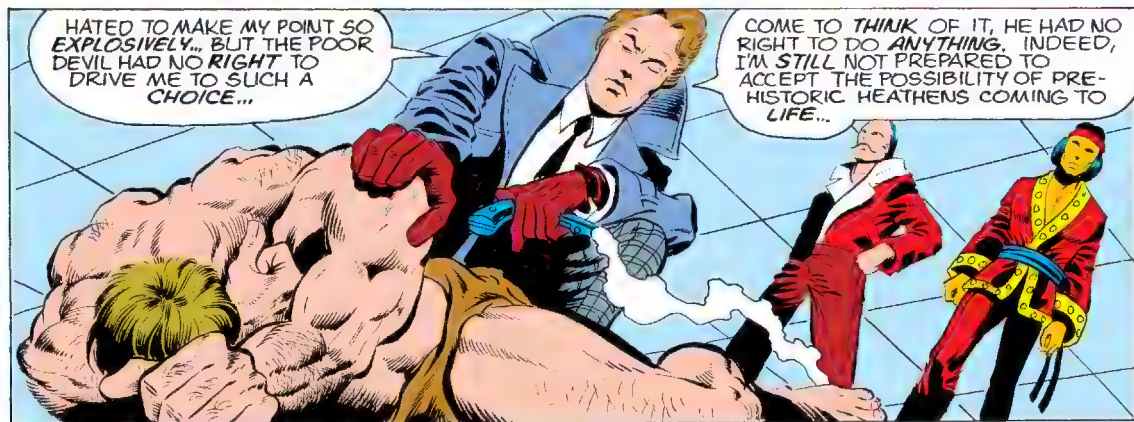
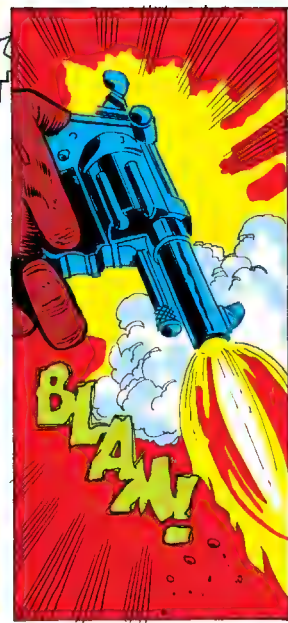
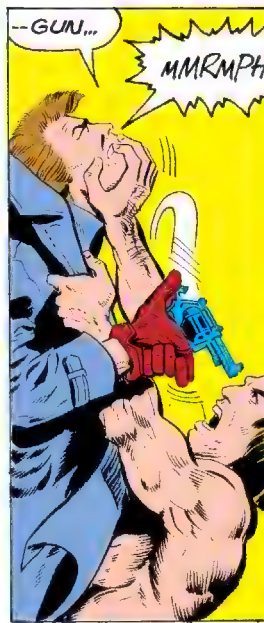
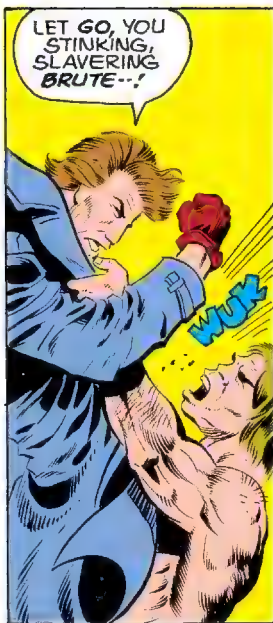
"THEY HAVE FAILED TO SEE OUR ATTACKERS IN THEIR FULL NUMBER..."

"... AND WORSE, THEY HAVE FAILED TO ANTICIPATE THE SPEED COMMANDED BY EACH OF THAT NUMBER."

HA!!!--







CHAPTER III

CURIOS

CRUCIBLE OF DECEIT

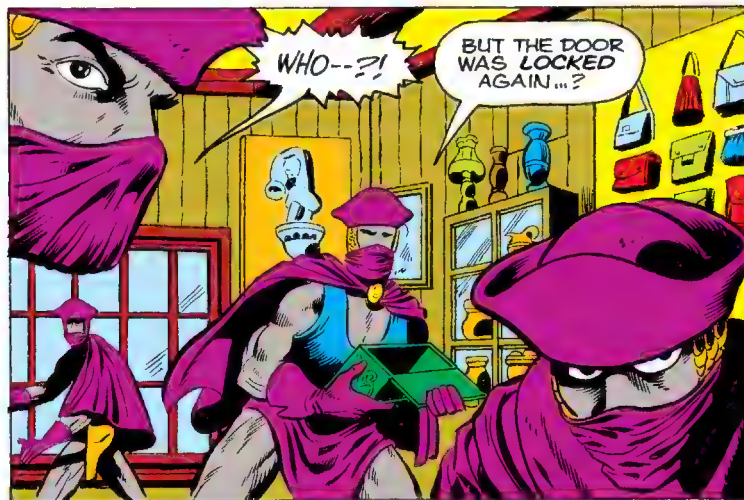
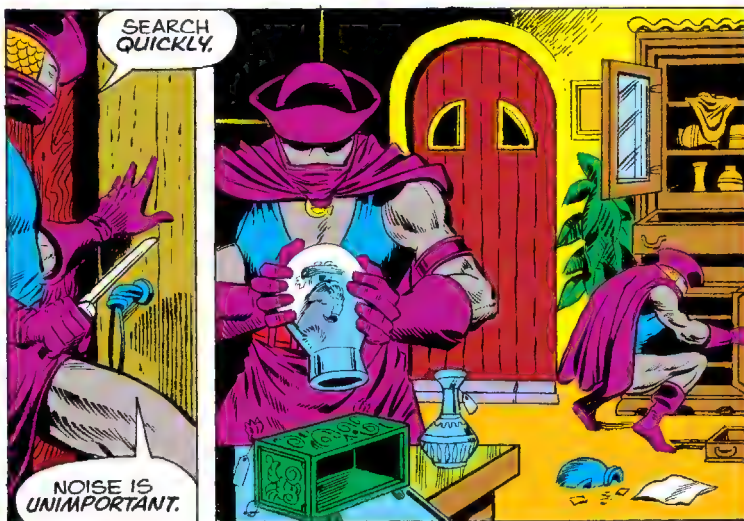
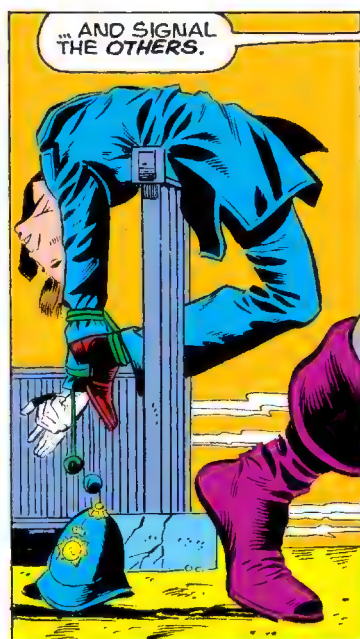
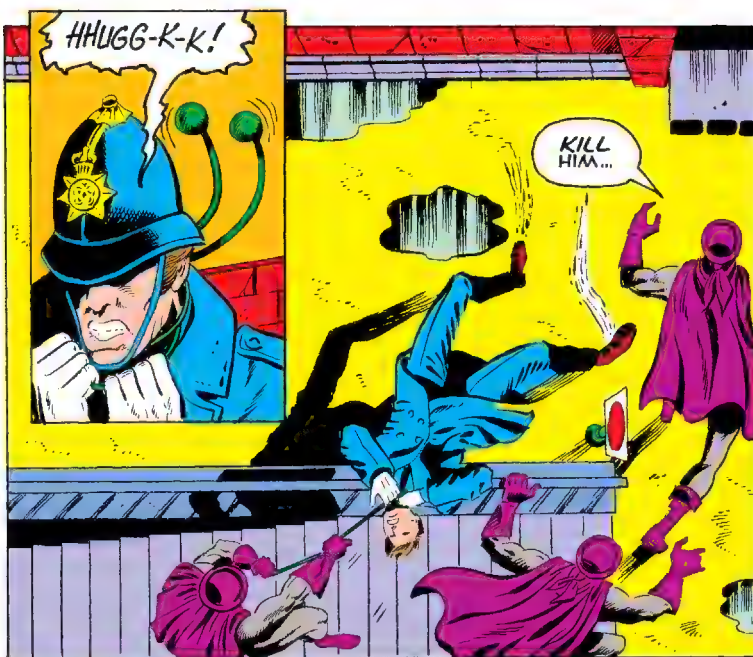
YANKED
OFF PATROL
TO GUARD
A LOAD OF
ORIENTAL
TRINKETS--!

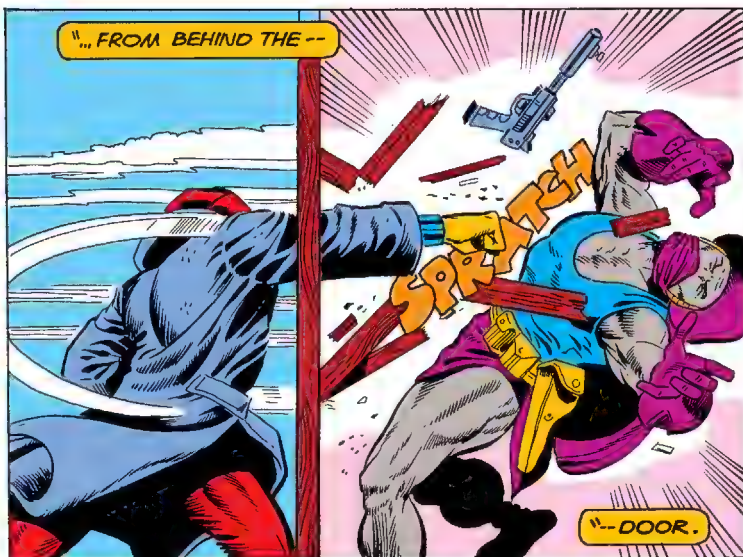
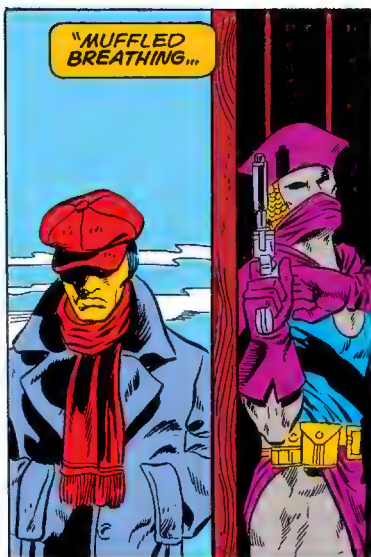
WHO THE
DEVIL WOULD
EVEN BOTHER
STEALING SUCH
RUBBISH...?



NOW.









KILL HIM--! KILL THE
DOG-SON OF FU MANCHU!!
IN THE NAME OF THE
ETERNAL PHANSIGARS,
MAKE HIM DROWN IN
HIS OWN BLOOD--!!

BLAM!

FWAK!

SHOK!

"THE ONE WHO FIGHTS MORE
WITH WORDS THAN WEAPON...
ANNOYS ME.

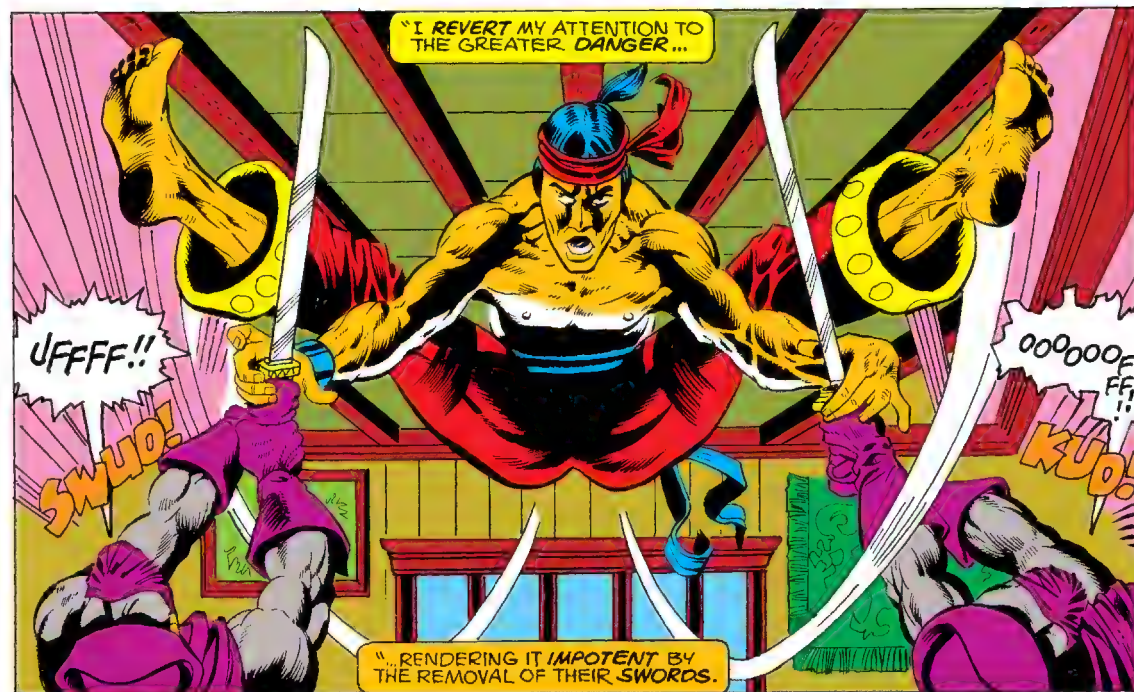


"AND DANGEROUSLY, I LEAVE THE OTHER
TWO STILL IN POSSESSION OF THEIR SWORDS...
MERELY TO ASSUAGE MY ANNOYANCE--

KILL H--UKKK--!!

KROK!

"...BY SILENCING
HIS WORDS.



"I REVERT MY ATTENTION TO
THE GREATER DANGER..."

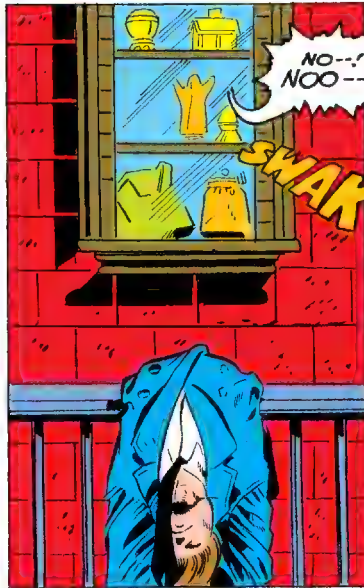
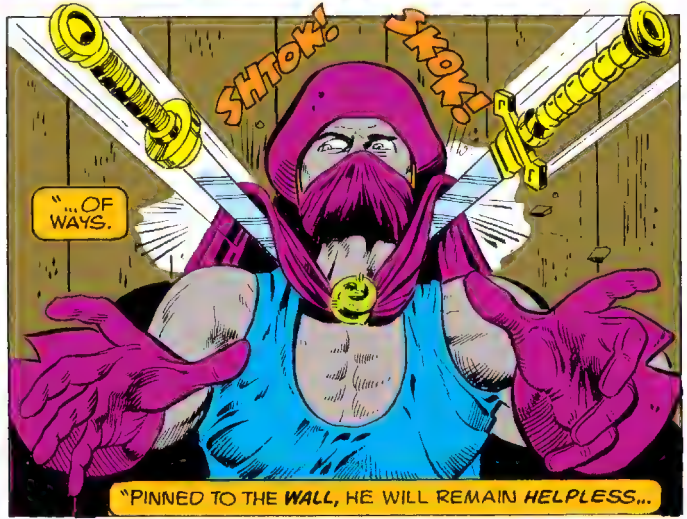
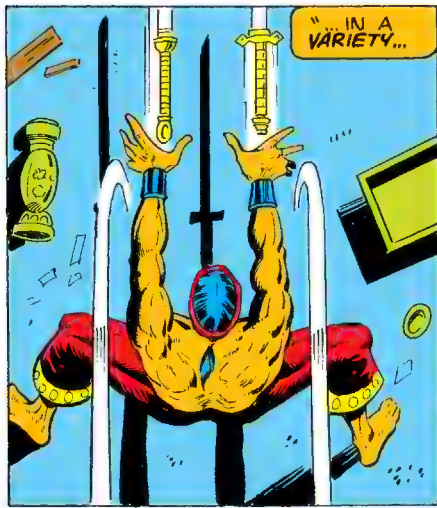
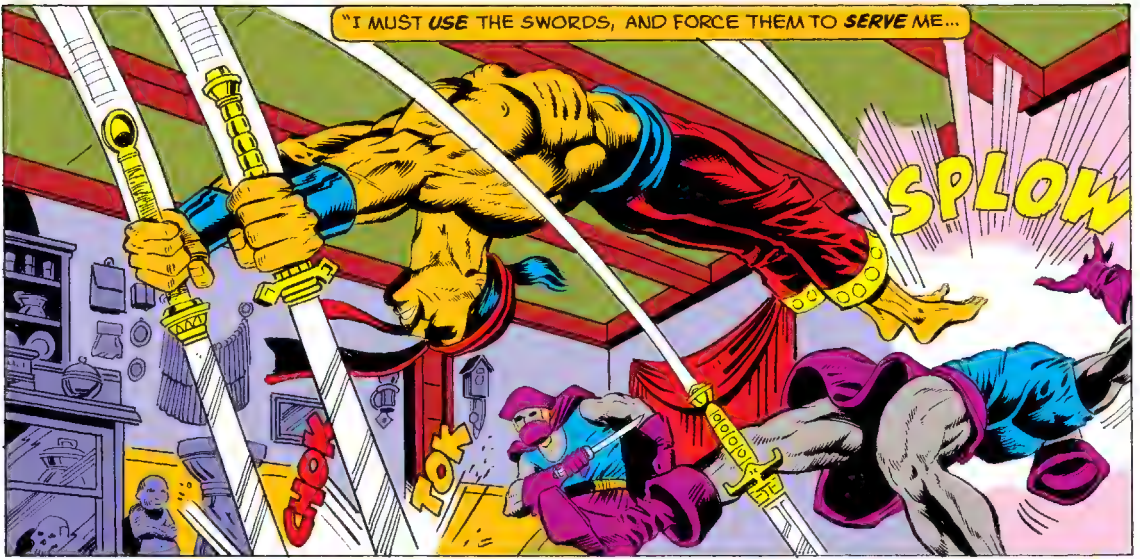
UFFFF!!

SWUD!

OOO OOO
FF!!

KUD!

"...RENDERING IT IMPOTENT BY
THE REMOVAL OF THEIR SWORDS.

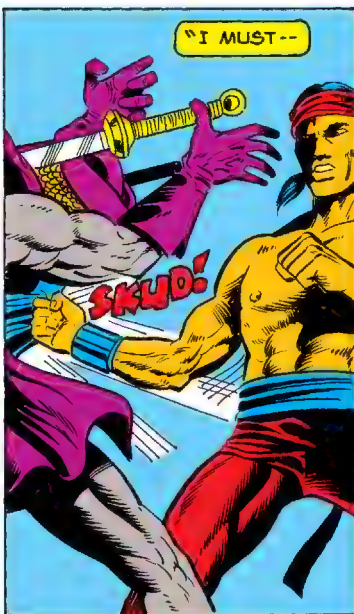


"A CREAKING SOUND FROM THE ONE PINNED TO THE WALL."



"HE HAS ALMOST SUCCEEDED IN WRIGGLING BLADE FROM WOOD."

"I MUST--"



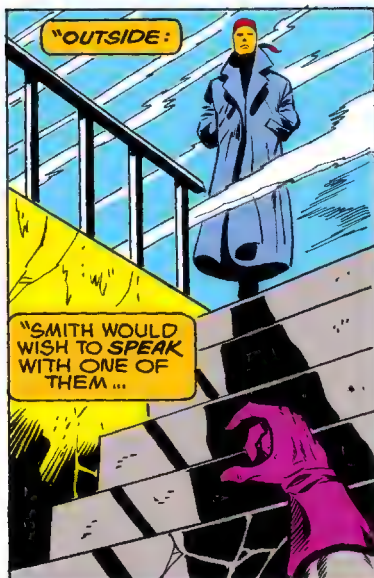
SKUD!

HWOK!



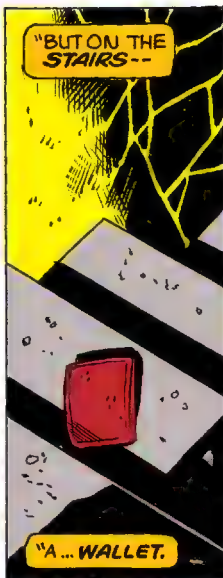
"--STOP HIM."

"OUTSIDE:"



"SMITH WOULD WISH TO SPEAK WITH ONE OF THEM..."

"BUT ON THE STAIRS--"

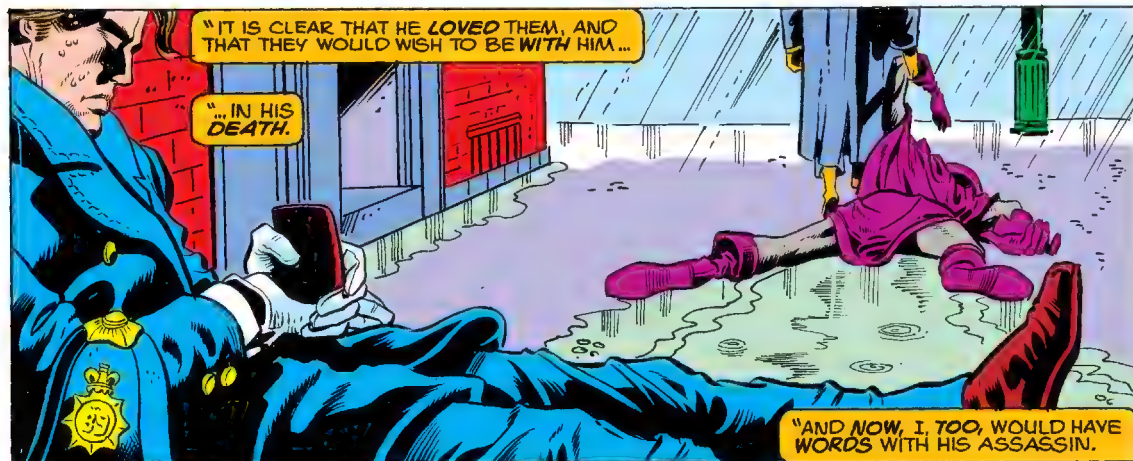
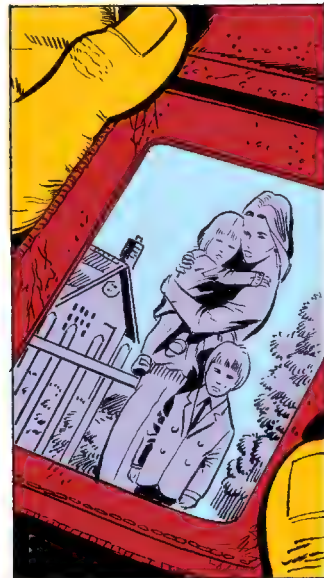


"A... WALLET."

"IT CONTAINS LITTLE MONEY..."



"... BUT SOMETHING OF FAR GREATER VALUE."



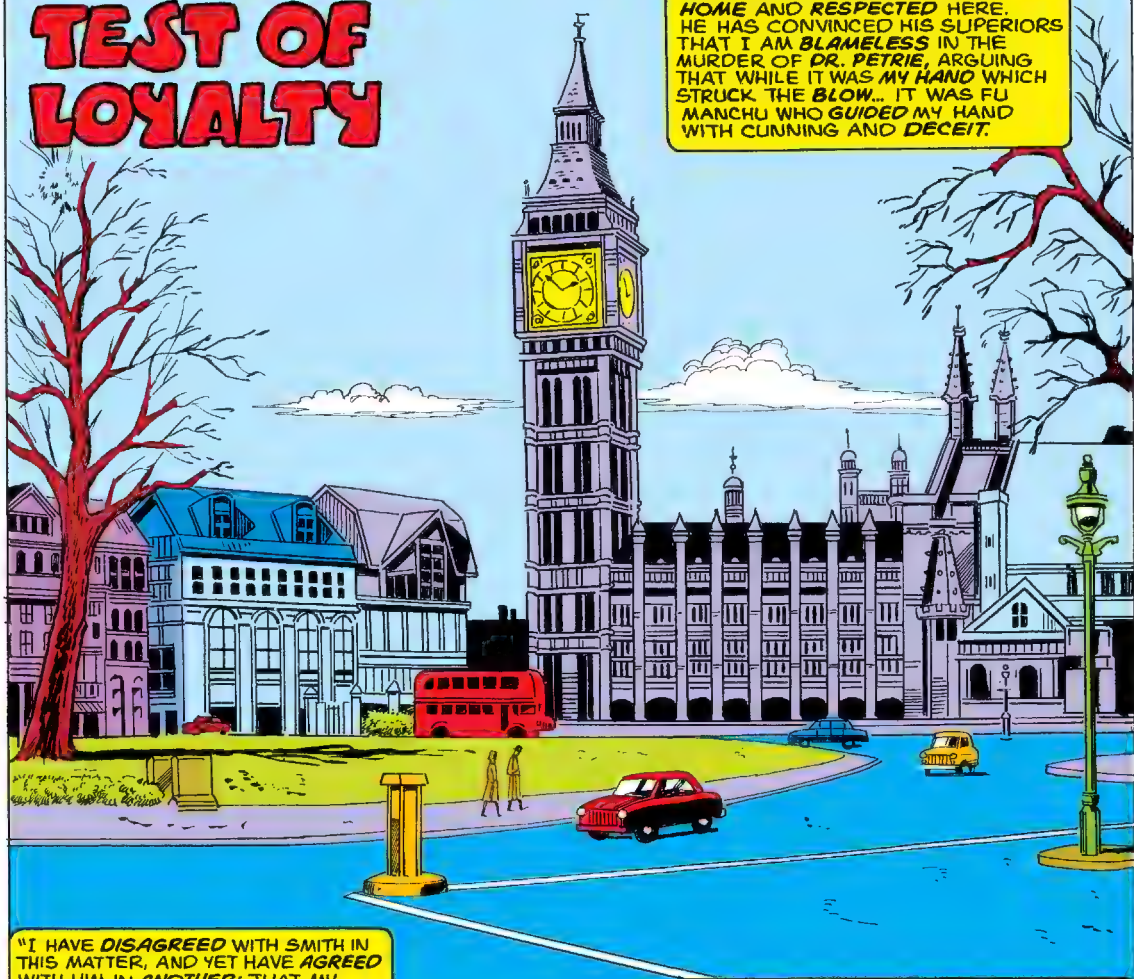
"IT IS CLEAR THAT HE LOVED THEM, AND THAT THEY WOULD WISH TO BE WITH HIM..."

"... IN HIS DEATH."

"AND NOW, I, TOO, WOULD HAVE WORDS WITH HIS ASSASSIN."

CHAPTER IV: TEST OF LOYALTY

"SCOTLAND YARD: SMITH IS AT HOME AND RESPECTED HERE. HE HAS CONVINCED HIS SUPERIORS THAT I AM **BLAMELESS** IN THE MURDER OF DR. PETRIE, ARGUING THAT WHILE IT WAS **MY HAND** WHICH STRUCK THE **BLOW...** IT WAS FU MANCHU WHO GUIDED MY HAND WITH CUNNING AND DECEIT."



"I HAVE **DISAGREED** WITH SMITH IN THIS MATTER, AND YET HAVE **AGREED** WITH HIM IN **ANOTHER**: THAT MY PURPOSE IS BETTER FULFILLED WHILE **SEARCHING** FOR MY FATHER..."

"...THAN IT WOULD BE WHILE LANGUISHING IN A PRISON OF HIS CONTRIVANCE."



SOME INTRIGUING NEW DEVELOPMENTS IN **PHRENOLOGY...**

PERHAPS WE SHOULD CALIBRATE THE PHANSIGAR'S **SKULL...**

OH, HUSH, RESTON.

YOUR REPORT, DOCTOR...?

THE TRUTH SERUM HAS BEEN ADMINISTERED, SIR.

HE'S READY FOR YOU NOW.



"WE CROSS THE HALL TO THE ROOM WHERE THE CAPTURED PHANSIGAR AWAITS US..."

"HE SITS BATHED IN HARSH LIGHT AND GLISTENING DISCOMFORT..."

"... AND THOUGH HIS EYES ARE CLOUDED BY THE DRUG, HE NEVERTHELESS GLARES AT OUR ENTRANCE..."

MURDERING A POLICEMAN IS A SURPASSINGLY SERIOUS CHARGE...



WAS IT FU MANCHU WHO PUT YOU UP TO IT?



... yes...



WHAT IS HE AFTER?



...vengeance...



VENGEANCE FOR WHAT?



... for the theft of life...



EXPLAIN THAT.



ANSWER ME!

"BUT HE DOES NOT.



INCREDIBLE-- EVEN UNDER TRUTH SERUM, HE'S RESISTING. THE LOYALTY FU MANCHU COMMANDS TRANSCENDS BELIEF.



WHAT DO YOU KNOW OF DR. PETRIE?

...death...



HE IS DEAD...?

... OR WILL HE GO TO HIS DEATH?

"AGAIN HE WILL NOT REPLY.



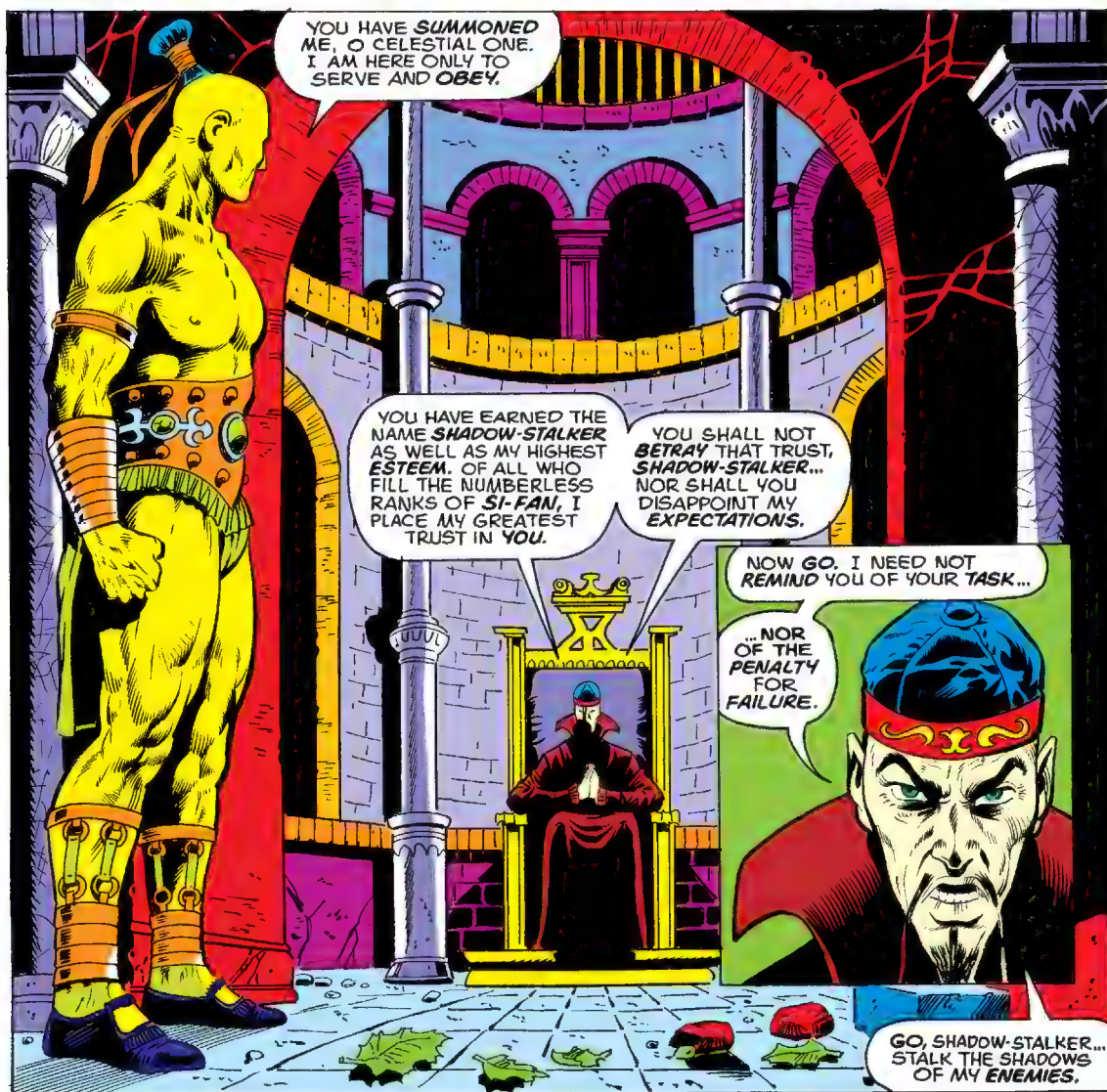
ALL RIGHT-- WHERE IS FU MANCHU?

... every-where...

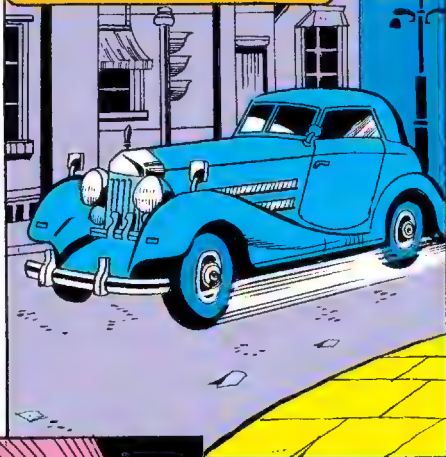
WHERE WILL HE NEXT APPEAR?

...Bucking-ham...

... Palace...



"MIDNIGHT: RESTON HAS OBTAINED THE NECESSARY **CLEARANCE**. AND AS BLACK JACK GUIDES OUR VEHICLE TOWARD **BUCKINGHAM PALACE**...



"...I STUDY THE PASSING **SHADOWS**...

ALWAYS WANTED TO SEE WHAT THE QUEEN'S TASTE IN **DECORATIN'** WAS LIKE.



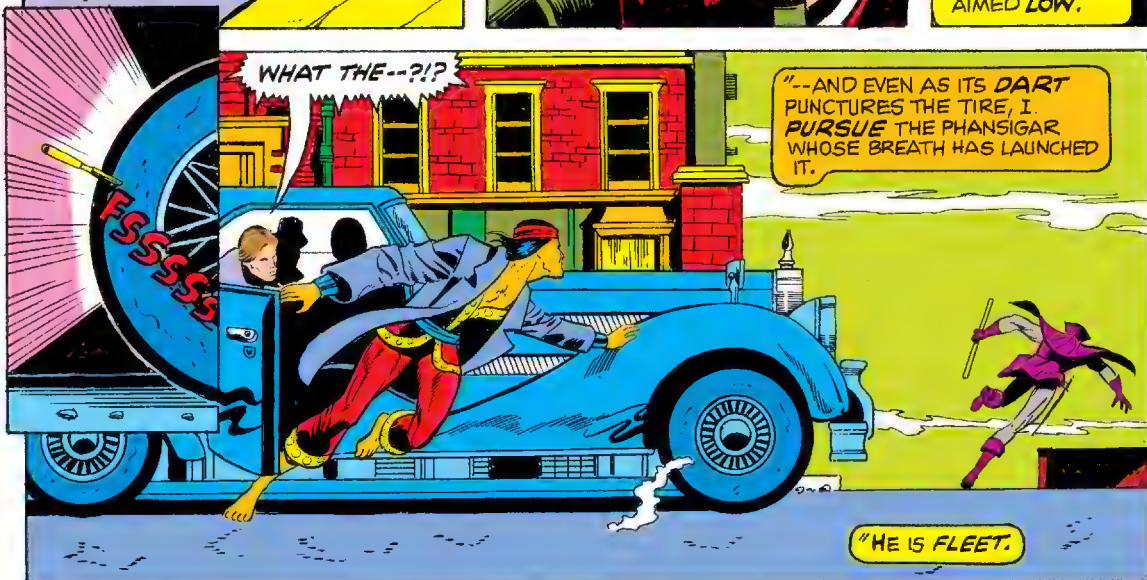
"...AND GLIMPSE A LENGTH OF BAMBOO **PIERCING** ONE OF THOSE SHADOWS.



"A **BLOWGUN**. IT IS AIMED **LOW**.

WHAT THE--?!?

"--AND EVEN AS ITS **DART** PUNCTURES THE TIRE, I **PURSU**E THE PHANSIGAR WHOSE BREATH HAS LAUNCHED IT.



"HE IS **FLEET**.

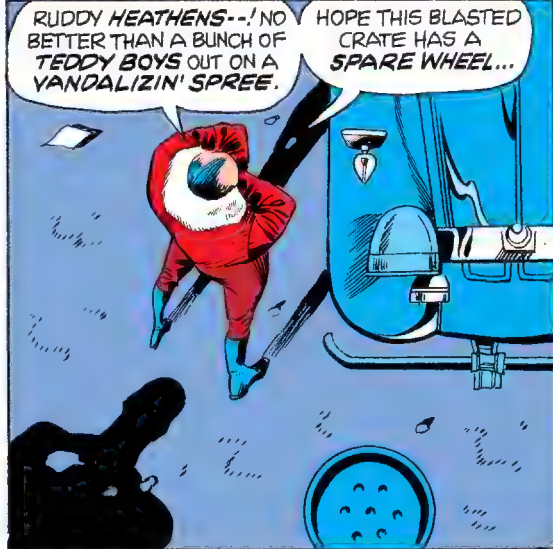
"BUT DOES HE RUN BECAUSE HE HAS SEEN **ME**...OR, HAS HIS MISSION BEEN TO MERELY **HALT** THE VEHICLE? "

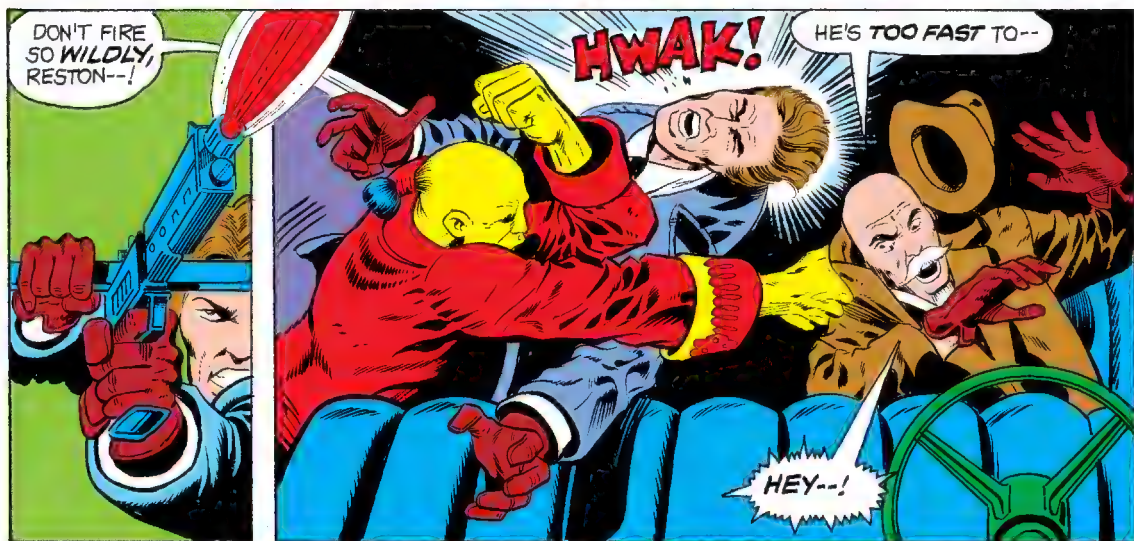


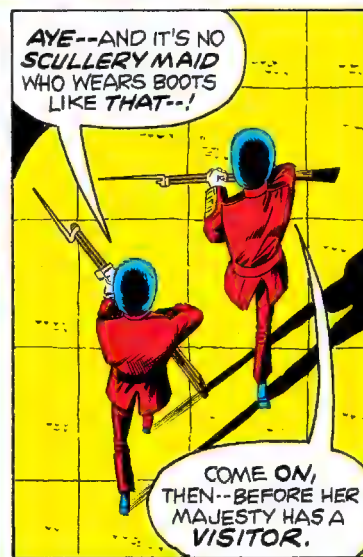
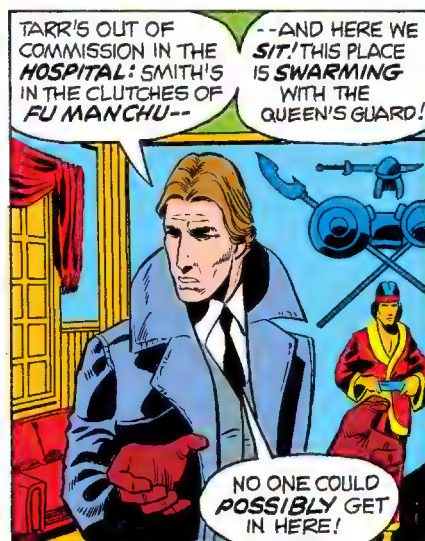
"I WOULD **LEARN** THE ANSWER.

RUDDY **HEATHENS**--! NO BETTER THAN A BUNCH OF **TEDDY BOYS** OUT ON A **VANDALIZIN' SPREE**.

HOPE THIS BLASTED CRATE HAS A **SPARE WHEEL**...

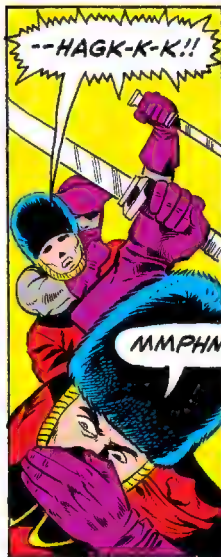








GONE--?!
BUT WHERE
THE DEVIL
COULD THEY--



--HAGK-K-K!!

MMPHM--!



GOOD. THERE
ARE BUT THREE
MORE...



PERHAPS,
RESTON...

...BUT MY FATHER
HAS OFTEN DONE...
THAT WHICH NO
ONE CAN DO.

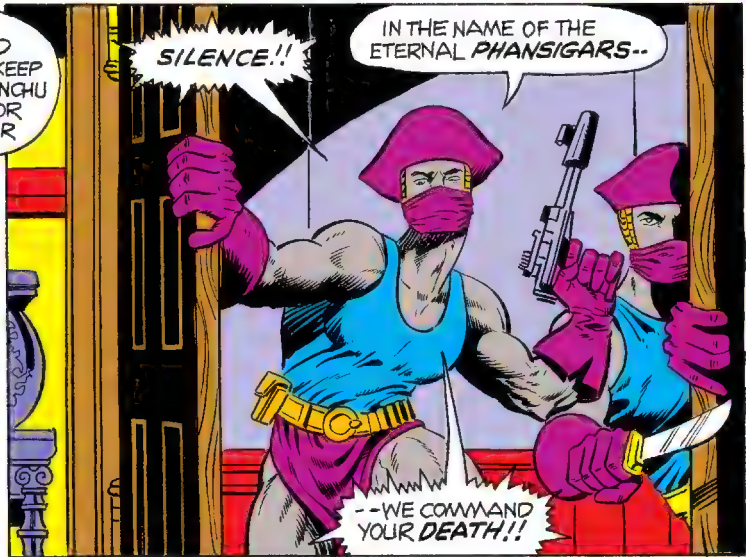


QUICKLY... BEFORE
FU MANCHU GROWS
IMPATIENT.

THE ROOM
LIES DIRECTLY
AHEAD.



I DON'T CARE, CHI--IT'S STILL
IMPOSSIBLE. BESIDES, I'M CONVINCED
THIS WHOLE BUSINESS IS A RUSE TO KEEP
US OFF THE RIGHT TRACK. FU MANCHU
IS NOWHERE NEAR THIS PLACE--NOR
ARE ANY OF HIS PHANSIGAR, FOR
THAT MAT--



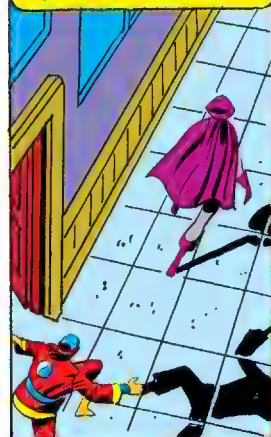
SILENCE!!

IN THE NAME OF THE
ETERNAL PHANSIGARS--

--WE COMMAND
YOUR DEATH!!



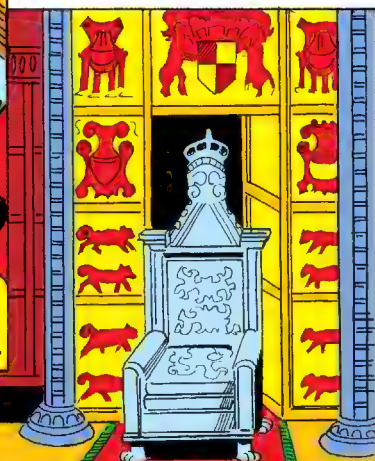
"...AND MY HEAD STILL THROBS AS I CHASE THE ONE WHO HAS MERELY BEEN WOUNDED..."



"...THROUGH LONG CORRIDORS FILLED WITH DEAD GUARDS, AROUND CORNERS..."



"...INTO THE THRONE ROOM. THE PHANSIGAR DISAPPEARS INTO THE DARKNESS OF A DOORWAY BEHIND THE THRONE... AS RESTON APPEARS BEHIND ME..."



"...AND DOWN BROAD STAIRS--"

A SECRET PASSAGEWAY--! I BLOODY WELL DON'T BELIEVE IT!



HOLD ON, CHI-- I'M COMING WITH YOU...

NO, RESTON...

...YOU ARE NOT.



"I TOUGH THE NERVE AT THE BACK OF HIS NECK, HE CRUMPLES."

"INSIDE THE PASSAGEWAY...A CORRIDOR LEADING THROUGH RUBBLE...AND TOWARD--"



"--AN APERTURE IN THE DARK STONE."

"I PUSH...."

"THE STONE MOVES, RELUCTANTLY GRATING ON ANCIENT HINGES..."



"THE STAIRWAY BEYOND LEADS DOWNWARD TO DUNGEON...AND DIMLY SEEN, FAR MORE THAN DUNGEON."

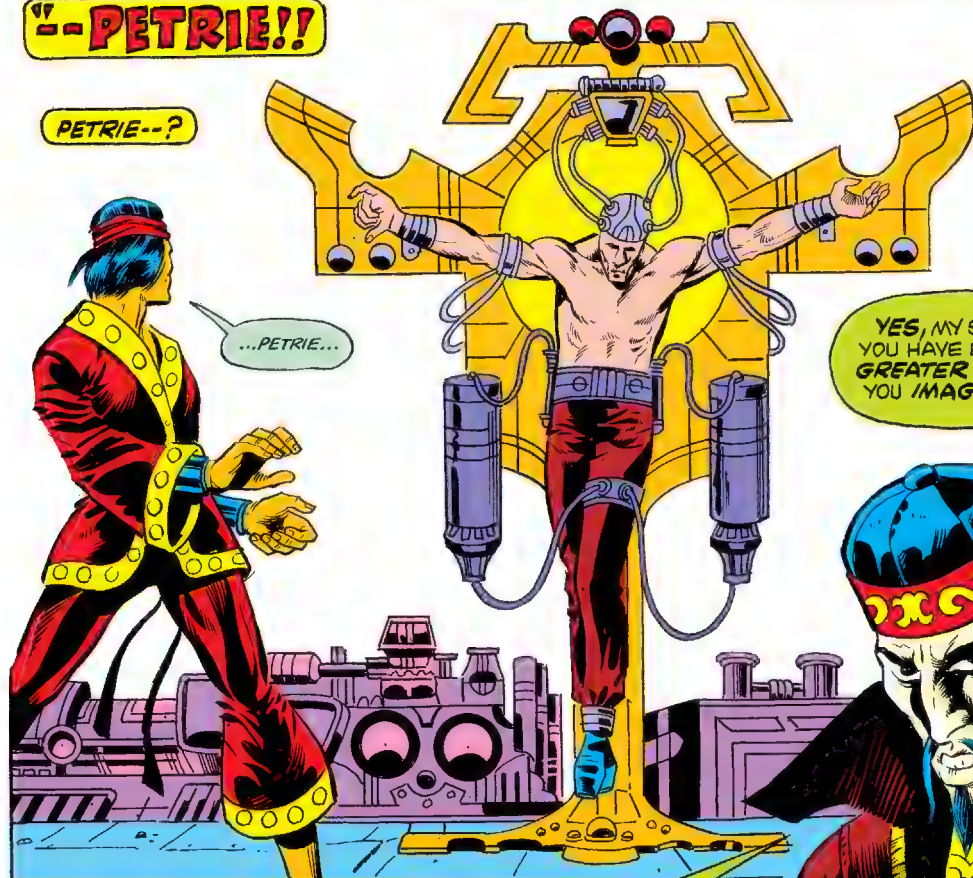
"AHEAD, IN THE GRADUALLY BRIGHTENING LIGHT--"



"--PETRIE!!"

PETRIE--?

...PETRIE...



YES, MY SON. YOU HAVE BEEN A GREATER FOOL THAN YOU IMAGINED.

THAT WHICH YOU MURDERED NEVER LIVED. A CREATION OF MY OWN MAKING, IT WAS DESIGNED TO RESEMBLE PETRIE IN EVERY WAY--SO PERFECTLY THAT IT EVEN FOOLED NAYLAND SMITH, PETRIE'S LIFELONG FRIEND. THERE WAS A TWOFOLD DESTINY FOR MY CREATION--FIRST, TO MASK THE FACT THAT I HAD ABDUCTED THE REAL DR. PETRIE, WHOM YOU SEE BEFORE YOU NOW, FOR REASONS I MYSELF HAVE NOT YET FULLY REALIZED...AND SECONDLY, TO TEST YOUR OBEDIENCE AND TO ENSURE THAT YOU WOULD BE HUNTED AND HOUNDED BY MY ENEMIES--FOREVER CONVINCED THAT THEY WERE EVIL.

BUT I DID NOT ANTICIPATE THAT SMITH WOULD UNDO THAT WHICH I HAD DEVOTED YOUR ENTIRE CHILDHOOD TO. I DID NOT BELIEVE THAT YOUR CAREFUL INDOCTRINATION COULD BE SO EASILY SHATTERED.

YOUR TEACHINGS WERE SHATTERED BY THEIR **LESSONS**, MY FATHER. THEY WERE DESTROYED BY THE **EVIL** WHICH HID BEHIND THEIR **EVERY WORD**.

BUT THERE IS A **LAST** PIECE OF KNOWLEDGE I WOULD **LEARN** FROM YOU:

WHY DO YOU **CONTINUE** MIS-TREATING THIS MAN? WHY IS HE HARNESSED, EVEN **NOW**, TO THIS MANNER OF **PAIN**?

FOR **VARIOUS** REASONS, SHANG-CHI, ALL AS **DIVERSE** AS THEY ARE **MANIFOLD**. TO LEARN WHAT HE AND SMITH HAVE LEARNED OF ME. TO HOLD HIM **HOSTAGE** FOR FUTURE NEGOTIATIONS WITH THE CORRUPT **GOVERNMENTS** OF THIS WORLD.

TO **EXPERIMENT** UPON. TO EXACT **REVENGE** UPON. TO **REVILE** AS **DEFEATED**. AND TO LOCATE AN ITEM WHICH WAS **STOLEN** FROM ME...

...AN EXTREMELY **PRECIOUS** ITEM...

LISTEN **WELL**, MY FATHER, WHEN I TELL YOU THAT I CURSE THE **BLOOD** WHICH FLOWS THROUGH MY **VEINS**. I CURSE THE FACT THAT IT IS THE SAME WHICH FLOWS THROUGH **YOUR** VEINS.

I CURSE THE FACT THAT I AM **ANGRY**. AND I CURSE THE DAY YOU TAUGHT ME TO **KILL**--

-- FOR MY ANGER IS SUCH THAT I SHALL NOW **EMPLOY** THAT KNOWLEDGE.

I THINK **NOT**, MY SON...

KLAP!

"A SECTION OF THE WALL SLIDES OPEN..."

"...REVEALING SMITH...AS TWO PHANSIGARS MOVE FORWARD TO RESTRAIN ME, WHEN RESTRAINT IS NOW **UNNECESSARY**."

YOU SEE, SHANG-CHI, I HAVE BEEN UNABLE TO **LEARN** FROM PETRIE THAT WHICH I **MUST** KNOW. THUS, I HAVE ABDUCTED **SMITH**, AND PLAN TO BRING THE TRUTH FROM HIM.

BUT I AM WILLING TO **FOREGO** THAT PLEASURE SHOULD YOU VENTURE A SINGLE THREATENING MOVE AGAINST MY **PERSONAGE**. I DO NOT THINK I NEED **ILLUSTRATE** THAT THE PHANSIGARS' DAGGERS WOULD BE **WET**...BEFORE SUCH A MOVE COULD BE **COMPLETED**.

THUS, I AM CONFIDENT YOU WILL **COOPERATE** AS MY PHANSIGARS CONDUCT BOTH YOU AND SMITH TO A **DIFFERENT** SECTION OF THIS PALACE'S BASEMENT.

"I HAVE **COOPERATED**, AND I HAVE BEEN CONDUCTED TO A PLACE IN THESE CATACOMBS WHERE MY FATHER MAY LOOK **DOWN** UPON ME...

AS YOU CAN **SEE**, MY SON, THE PHANSIGARS' DAGGERS MAY **STILL** BECOME WET...THUS, I WOULD ADVISE YOU TO **LISTEN** TO MY WORDS.

I WISH YOU **DEAD**, SHANG-CHI, BUT I HAVE NOT YET **CURSED** THE BLOOD WHICH FLOWS THROUGH MY VEINS OR **YOURS**...



...THUS, I SHALL ALLOW YOU TO **FIGHT** FOR YOUR LIFE...AND FOR MY **AMUSEMENT**. OF COURSE, SHOULD YOU **WIN**-- WHICH IS HIGHLY **IMPROBABLE** --SMITH WILL DIE **INSTANTLY**.

SUCH IS THE **VALUE** I PLACE UPON THE **SHADOW-STALKER'S** USE TO ME.

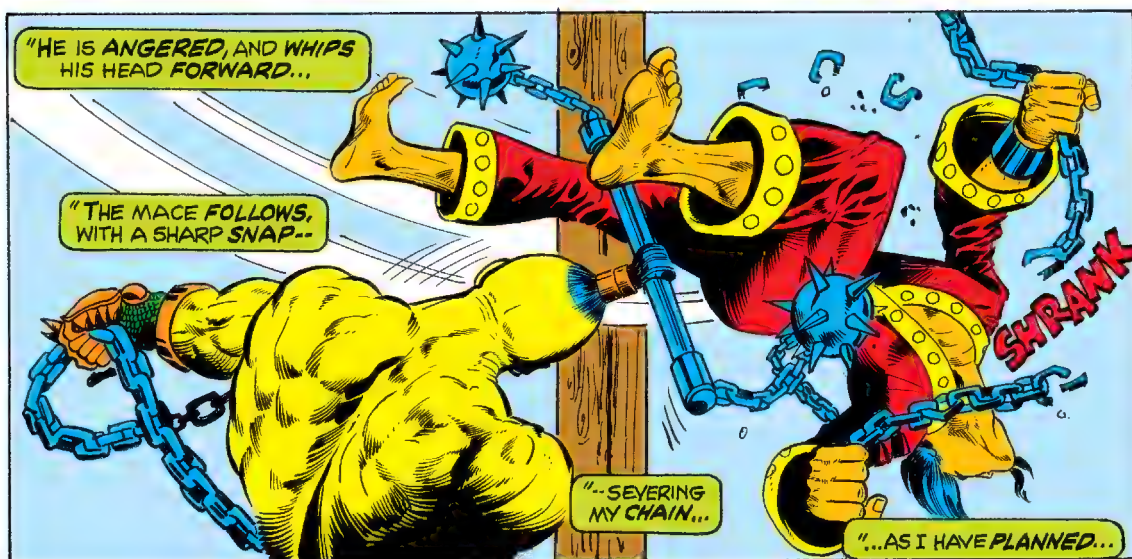
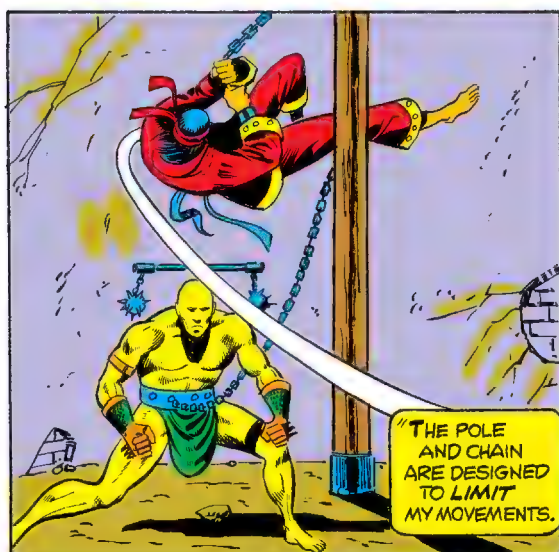
YOU'LL NEVER GET **AWAY** WITH THIS, YOU **FIEND**--!

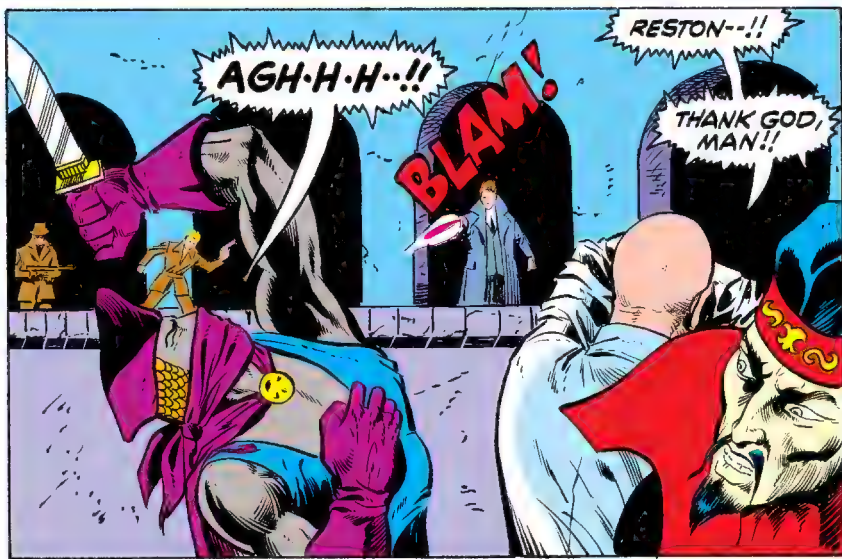
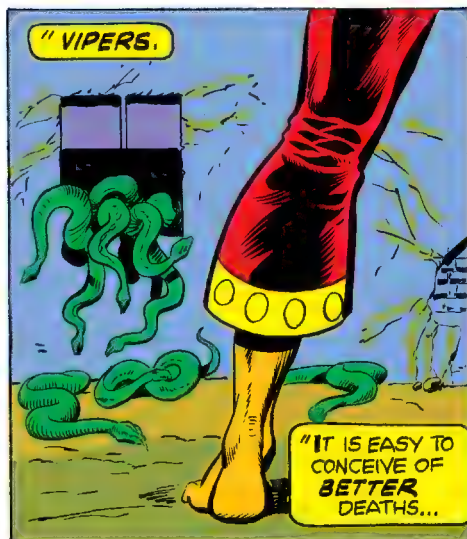
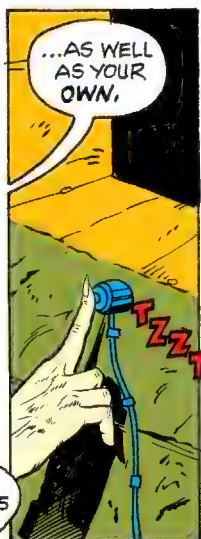
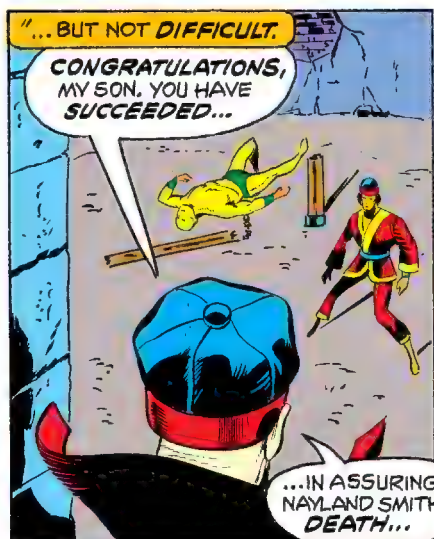
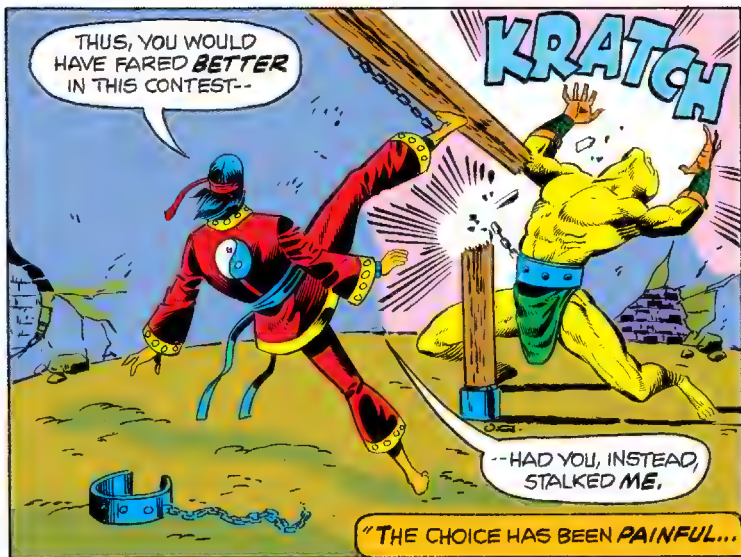
SILENCE, SMITH. I HAVE HEARD **FORTY YEARS** OF YOUR CLICHÉS.

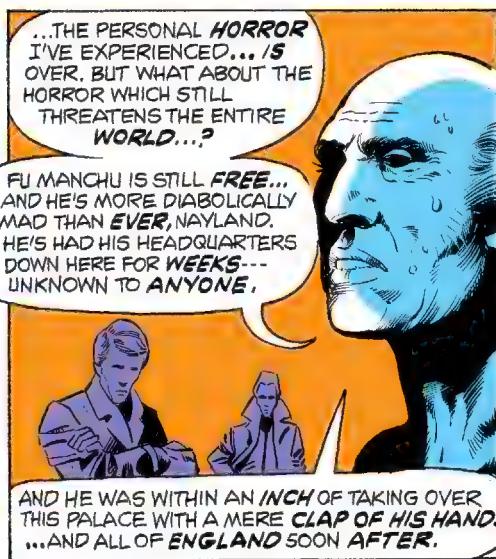
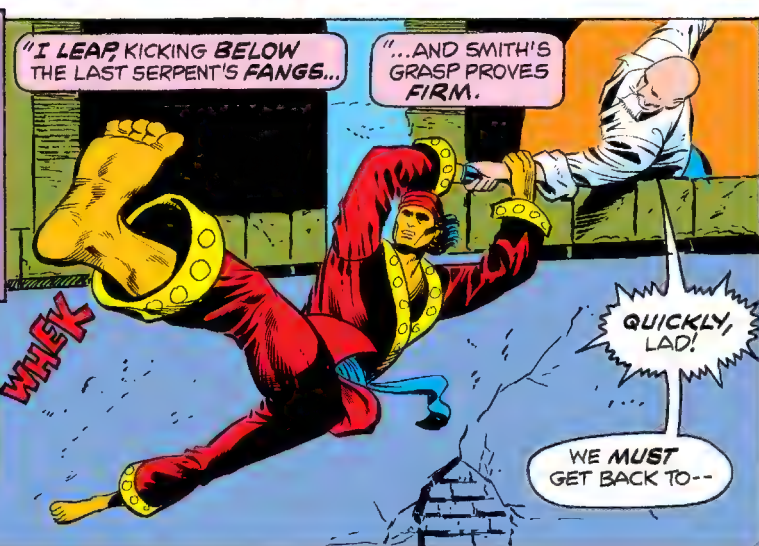
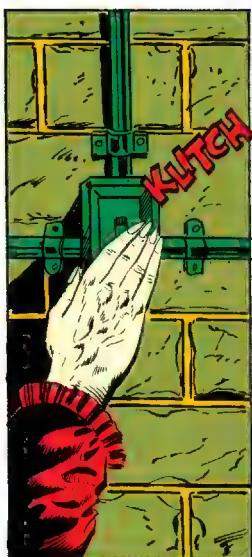
AND IF I **LOSE**...?

YOU WILL DIE **INSTANTLY**... AND SMITH WILL DIE **VERY SLOWLY**.

SLAY MY SON, **SHADOW STALKER**. NOW.









A **STATUE** HE CLAIMED YOU **STOLE** FROM HIM...

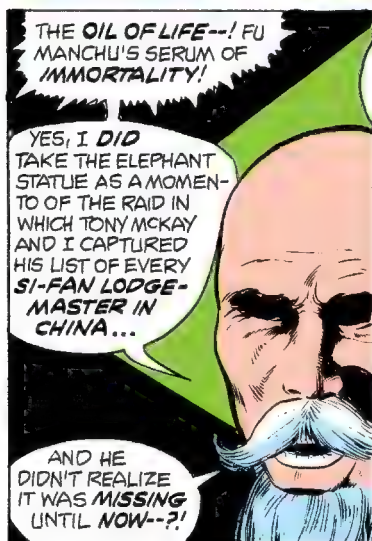
...A **SMALL** **STATUE**...OF AN **ELEPHANT**...



"--!"



...FILLED WITH THE **ELIXIR** **VITAE**.



THE **OIL OF LIFE**--! **FU** **MANCHU'S** **SERUM** OF **IMMORTALITY**!

YES, I **DID** TAKE THE **ELEPHANT** **STATUE** AS A **MOMENT** OF THE **RAID** IN WHICH **TONY** **MCKAY** AND I CAPTURED HIS **LIST** OF EVERY **SI-FAN** **LODGE-MASTER** IN **CHINA**...

AND HE DIDN'T **REALIZE** IT WAS **MISSING** UNTIL **NOW**--?!



UNTIL **SHORTLY** BEFORE HE **ABDUCTED** ME...WHEN HIS **EXIST-ING** **SUPPLY** OF THE **FORMULA** **BEGAN** TO **DWINDLE**...



WAIT A MINUTE--I **STILL** **HAVE** THE **STATUE**--! IT'S IN MY **TOWNHOUSE** IN **NEW YORK**...!

PETRIE, DO YOU **REALIZE** WHAT THIS **MEANS** TO US? IT'S **FANTASTIC**!

...LEST YOU **LEARN** WITH **GREAT PAIN** THAT **IMMORTALITY** WAS **MEANT** FOR **NO MAN**...

NO, SIR **DENIS**. THE **ELIXIR** **VITAE** IS AN **EXTENSION** OF MY **FATHER'S** **EVIL**. DO NOT **SUCCUMB** TO ITS **TEMPTATION**...

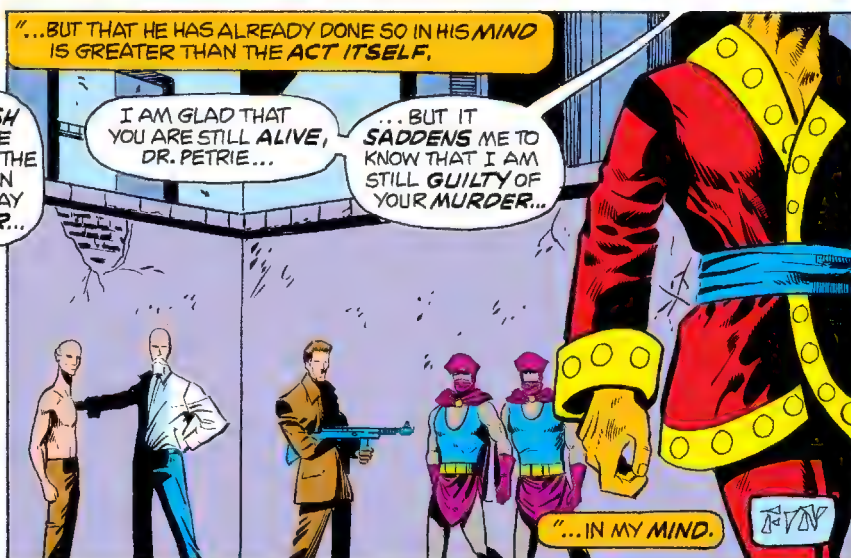
...AND THAT **LIFE** HAS **MEANING** ONLY WHEN **REWARDED** WITH **DEATH**.



YOU'RE **RIGHT**, **SHANG-CHI**. **NO ONE** MUST GET THE **ELIXIR**.

I'LL **SMASH** THE **STATUE** ...AND LET THE **TEMPTATION** **SPILL** AWAY **FOREVER**...

"IT WILL BE **IMPOSSIBLE**..."



"...BUT THAT HE HAS **ALREADY** **DONE** SO IN HIS **MIND** IS **GREATER** THAN THE **ACT** ITSELF.

I AM **GLAD** THAT YOU ARE **STILL** **ALIVE**, **DR. PETRIE**...

...BUT IT **SADDENS** ME TO **KNOW** THAT I AM **STILL** **GUILTY** OF YOUR **MURDER**...

"...IN MY **MIND**."

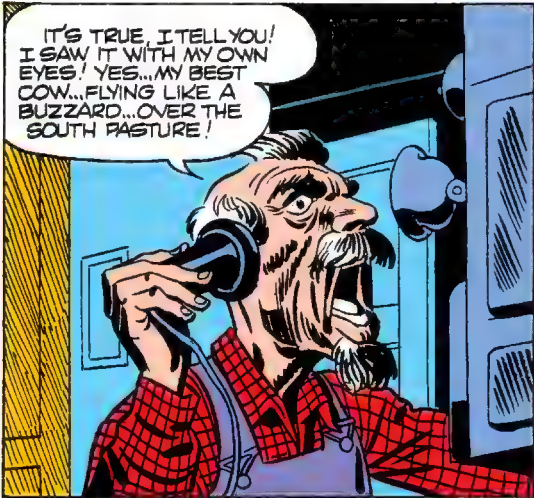
CONCENTRATE ON CHAOS!

THIS IS THE INFAMOUS COMMAND GIVEN TO THE SIX MOST DANGEROUS PEOPLE ON EARTH! NOTHING IS SAFE FROM THEIR EXTRAORDINARY MINDS...NOT WHEN THEY'RE IN THE SERVICE OF AN ARCH CRIMINAL! AND THAT IS THE JOB OF F.B.I. AGENT, JIMMY WOO...TO FIND AND STOP THE TALENTED PUPPETS! THAT COULD MEAN FLIRTING WITH DEATH, WHEN THEIR MASTER IS THE NOTORIOUS...

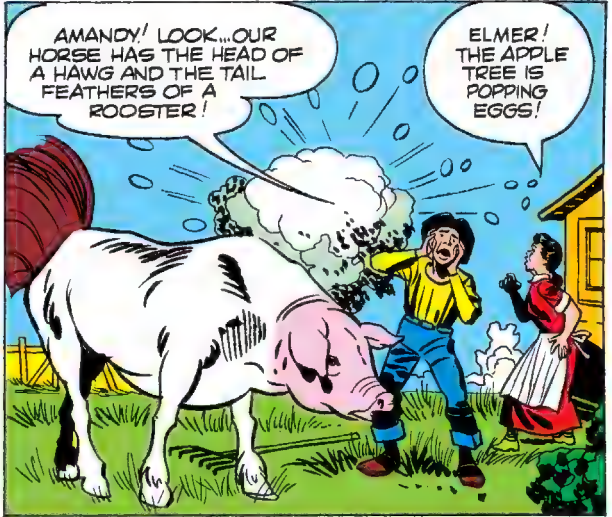
YELLOW CLAW



IT ALL BEGINS IN THE LITTLE TOWN OF PINEDALE, SOMEWHERE IN THE MIDWEST! A LOCAL FARMER RUSHES INTO HIS HOUSE AND MAKES A FRANTIC PHONE CALL!



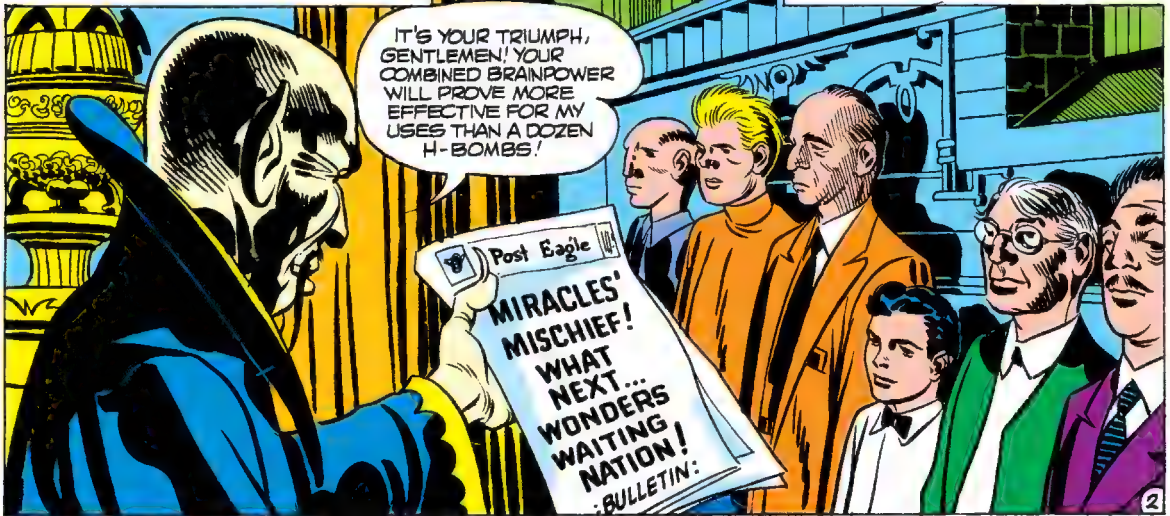
THERE ARE OTHER STRANGE HAPPENINGS IN PINEDALE! NOT ONLY ARE THERE COWS FLYING IN THE SKY, BUT TRACTORS TOO! HOWEVER, THESE MIRACLES ARE ONLY THE BEGINNING...

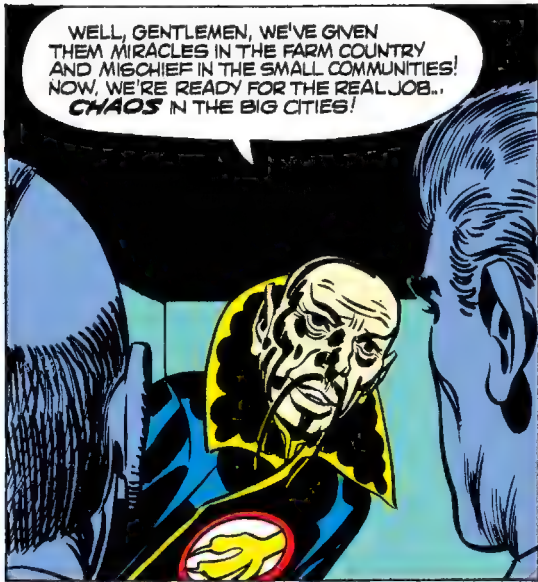


REPORTS OF STRANGE HAPPENINGS BEGIN TO POUR IN FROM THE SURROUNDING AREAS! SOME ARE BROUGHT BY THE MIRACLES THEMSELVES...

SOON, THE PRESS BEGINS TO TAKE NOTICE! AND THE NATION GETS THE FIRST HINT OF IMPENDING DANGER...

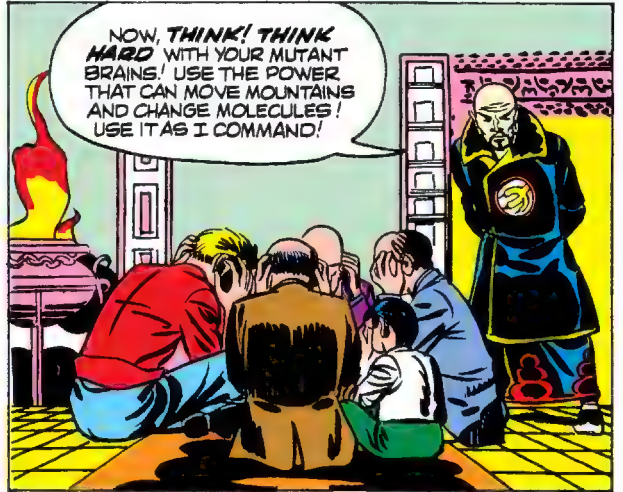
AND IN A HIDE-OUT HIDDEN FROM ALL HUMAN EYES, THE NEWS REPORTS ARE EAGERLY READ...





WELL, GENTLEMEN, WE'VE GIVEN THEM MIRACLES IN THE FARM COUNTRY AND MISCHIEF IN THE SMALL COMMUNITIES! NOW, WE'RE READY FOR THE REAL JOB... **CHAOS** IN THE BIG CITIES!

FIVE MEN AND A LITTLE BOY...THEY SIT DREAM-LIKE, STARING INTO SPACE... SILENT, UNMOVING...THAT IS, UNTIL THE YELLOW CLAW CLAPS HIS HANDS, THEN THE SIX SEATED FIGURES PLACE THEIR FINGERS TO THEIR BOWED HEADS...



NOW, **THINK! THINK HARD** WITH YOUR MUTANT BRAINS! USE THE POWER THAT CAN MOVE MOUNTAINS AND CHANGE MOLECULES! USE IT AS I COMMAND!

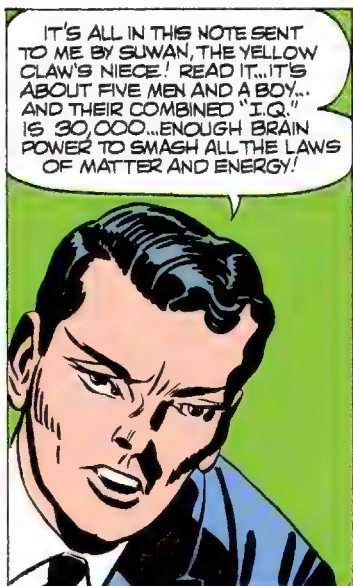


THEN THE AWESOME POWERS LOCKED IN THE HUMAN MIND ARE UNLEASHED BY THE YELLOW CLAW!

WHERE'S THE REST OF THE CAR?

THE SIDEWALK IS FOLDING LIKE AN ACCORDION!

AT THAT MOMENT, JIMMY WOO, THE F.B.I. AGENT, SPEAKS GRIMLY TO HIS CHIEF...



JIMMY WOO DOESN'T WASTE A SECOND...FOLLOWING THE INSTRUCTIONS IN SUWAN'S NOTE, HE FLIES BY JET PLANE TO AN ISOLATED AREA IN THE MOJAVE DESERT!

SUWAN GREET'S JIMMY! HE SEES THE FEAR IN HER EYES AND KNOWS THEY MIRROR THE AWESOME PERIL THAT LIES IN THE FORCES WHICH MAY ENGULF EVERYONE, INCLUDING THE YELLOW CLAW, HIMSELF...



BUT AS SOON AS JIMMY AND SUWAN ENTER THE CONCEALED HEADQUARTERS OF THE YELLOW CLAW, A STRANGE THING HAPPENS...

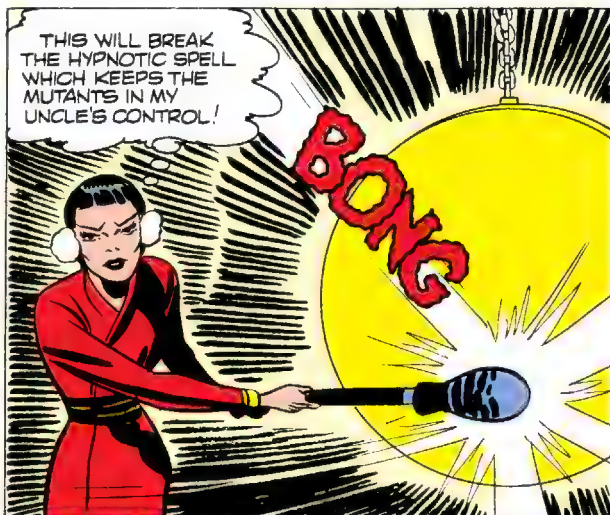




STRANGE! THESE MUTANTS LOOK LIKE ORDINARY PEOPLE TO ME!

ORDINARY PEOPLE USE ONLY ONE-TENTH OF THEIR BRAIN POWER! THE BRAINS OF THESE MUTANTS ARE DEVELOPED TO ALMOST LIMITLESS CAPACITY!

WHILE THE YELLOW CLAW IS BUSY GLOATING OVER JIMMY'S HELPLESSNESS, SUWAN STEALS AWAY TO AN UNGUARDED CORNER WHERE A GREAT GONG STANDS...



THIS WILL BREAK THE HYPNOTIC SPELL WHICH KEEPS THE MUTANTS IN MY UNCLE'S CONTROL!

SUDDENLY, THE MUTANTS WAKE FROM THEIR TRANCE...

BEFORE THE YELLOW CLAW CAN ACT, THERE IS A GREAT FLASH OF LIGHT... AND THE SIX MUTANTS VANISH FROM SIGHT!

JIMMY'S HANDCUFFS ARE GONE! AND HE ONCE MORE HAS HIS GUN, BUT HIS WEAPON IS STILL USELESS! THE YELLOW CLAW HAS SEIZED SUWAN...

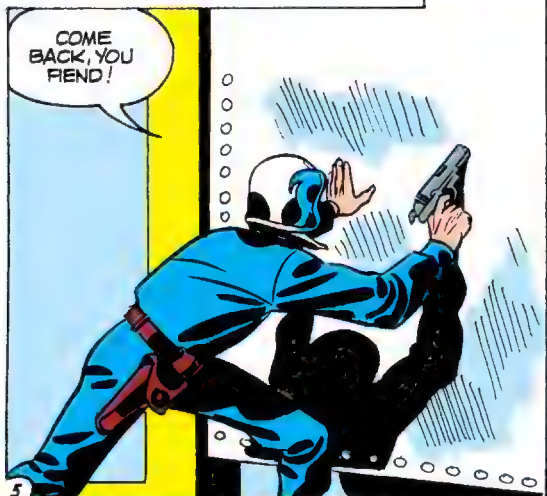


W...WE'RE FREE!

THIS IS OUR CHANCE TO ESCAPE!



THE YELLOW CLAW PASSES A BUTTON AND A STEEL WALL COMES DOWN BETWEEN JIMMY AND HIS QUARRY!



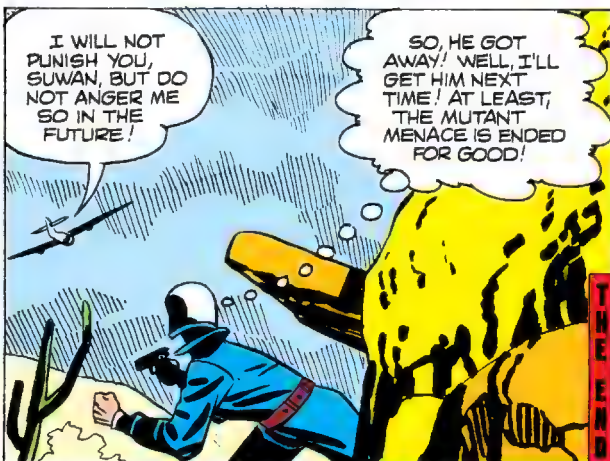
COME BACK, YOU FIEND!



YOUR PETS HAVE GONE BACK... GONE. BACK TO THEIR HOME! YELLOW CLAW, YOU'RE FINISHED!

ONLY FOR THE PRESENT! SUWAN AND I ARE LEAVING!

JIMMY RACES THROUGH THE CORRIDORS UNTIL HE REACHES THE EXIT TO THE OUTSIDE, BUT THE YELLOW CLAW HAS TAKEN A SHORTER ROUTE! BOTH UNCLE AND NIECE ARE WELL OUT OF JIMMY'S REACH WHEN HE BOLTS OUT INTO THE DESERT!



I WILL NOT PUNISH YOU, SUWAN, BUT DO NOT ANGER ME SO IN THE FUTURE!

SO, HE GOT AWAY! WELL, I'LL GET HIM NEXT TIME! AT LEAST, THE MUTANT MENACE IS ENDED FOR GOOD!

THE END

THE YELLOW CLAW

SUWAN, NIECE OF THE YELLOW CLAW, IS TORN BY A TERRIBLE CONFLICT BETWEEN HER LOYALTY TO HER UNCLE AND HER LOVE FOR JIMMY WOO, THE YOUNG F.B.I. AGENT! WHOSE SIDE WILL SHE TAKE IN THE MOST DANGEROUS GAME EVER PLAYED IN THE FIELD OF WORLD INTRIGUE? THE ANSWER COULD MEAN LIFE OR DEATH FOR THE MAN SHE CHOOSES!

LATE, ONE AFTERNOON, AT ONE OF THE WEST COAST'S MOST IMPORTANT AIRCRAFT EXPERIMENTAL STATIONS, YOUNG JIMMY WOO CONVERSES WITH ANOTHER F.B.I. AGENT!

THAT TIP YOU GOT WAS ON THE LEVEL, JIMMY! I NEVER SAW AN EXPLOSIVE SO INGENUOUSLY CONTRIVED!

I'M NOT SURPRISED! THIS WAS THE WORK OF THE YELLOW CLAW!

THE YELLOW CLAW! AMERICA'S PUBLIC ENEMY NUMBER ONE, MAGNIFIED A THOUSAND TIMES! WE'VE GOT TO NAIL THAT BIRD, JIMMY!

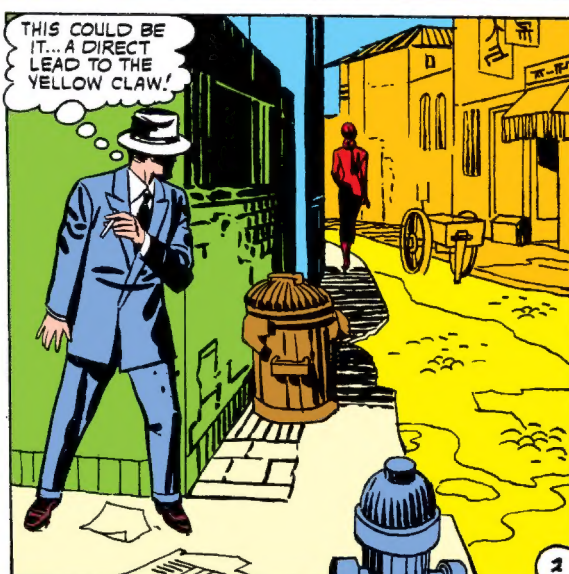
YOU WANT A PLAN... JUST LIKE THAT?



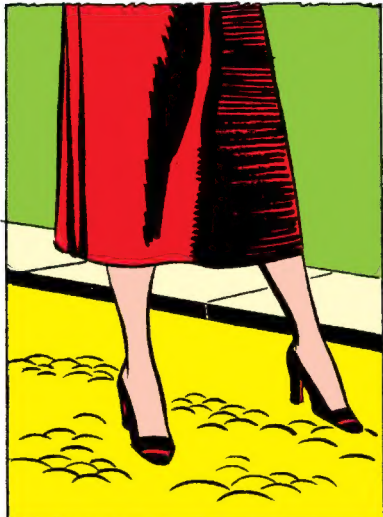
SHORTLY AFTER, JIMMY MAKES A CALL!



AN HOUR LATER, AT CHING'S TEA ROOM ...



SUDDENLY, SUWAN STOPS IN THE MIDDLE OF THE NARROW STREET. HER SLENDER FOOT TOUCHES A MARKED COBBLESTONE!



JIMMY HAS MEMORIZED THE PROPER COBBLESTONE, AND WITH HIS GUN READY FOR ACTION, HE TAKES THE NEXT TRIP DOWN THE CONCEALED ELEVATOR!



AT THE BOTTOM, JIMMY SURPRISES A GUARD!



JIMMY THEN PAUSES AT A DOOR AND LISTENS TO THE VOICES BEHIND IT! THEN, HE BREAKS HIS WAY INSIDE!



THE YELLOW CLAW REMAINS CALM IN THIS SITUATION! UNKNOWN TO JIMMY WOO, HE HAS SUMMONED HELP BY PRESSING A CONCEALED STUD IN THE ARM OF HIS CHAIR!



SUDDENLY, JIMMY IS SEIZED FROM BEHIND, AND DISARMED OF HIS GUN ...



WHEN THE GLASS TOP IS SECURELY BOLTED, THE BUBBLE WITH JIMMY INSIDE, IS DROPPED INTO A RUSHING, UNDERGROUND STREAM!



A HALF-HOUR LATER, THE BUBBLE BOBS TO THE OCEANS SURFACE NOT FAR FROM THE SHORELINE OF THE METROPOLIS ...



MEANWHILE, IN A JET PLANE STREAKING AWAY FROM THE CITY, THE YELLOW CLAW AND HIS PARTY MAKE THEIR ESCAPE!



AND SO, ANOTHER SKIRMISH BETWEEN DEMOCRACY AND TYRANNY HAS BEEN FOUGHT TO A DRAW! BUT JIMMY WOO DOES NOT GIVE UP EASILY! HE WILL DEVOTE HIS LIFE TO PUTTING AN END TO THE CAREER OF THE YELLOW CLAW!

THE END

Shadowcat

